

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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L O N D O N .

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ST. LEGER PAPERS.'

MY DEAR LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK :

AT our last pleasant interview you gave me to understand, with an air despotically editorial, that you expected something from me for the next number of the KNICKERBOCKER. In vain I pleaded that I was not yet fairly in harness, and really knew not what to write about. 'Nonsense!' you exclaimed: 'why, tell us something of London, where you have lived the last eighteen months, and I hope to some purpose. Not London *à la* Murray's Guide-Book; nor 'London Seen in Fourteen Days;' nor yet London with 'Views of the Great Metropolis,' sketches of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tunnel, the Houses of Parliament, the Clubs, and the *Times* newspaper. No, not these: but give us something of what you saw and felt and experienced while walking about the streets of that mighty caravansera, during those eighteen months!' We shook hands over this, and I left you with a half-promised assent on my lips.

LONDON! who knows any thing of this great city, by merely visiting it? What do the proud and titled aristocracy know of a place to which they come for a season, to enjoy all that wealth and family and social privilege can bring; who see all things apparently framed and fashioned for their use; who have no want unsupplied, no luxurious wish unheeded: what can they know of vast, illimitable London?—what do they care to know about it? And what knows the merchant, well to do in the world, of the town, except that he takes a 'bus' to his counting-room six times a week, and returns as often to his home? He is acquainted with his own *coterie* of businessmen, and his 'trades-people,' and the circle of friends with whom he occasionally dines, at his own house and at theirs. And so with

every class, down to the lowest and most abject and most vile. Each exist in their own world, revolve in their own orbit, live their own peculiar life. And thus going on mysteriously, so far as the problem of existence is concerned, without any very great jarring: not, indeed, altogether smoothly, yet tolerably so, nearly three millions of human beings live, congregated together — a tremendous mass of human bodies, with fierce passions and appetites, or with luxurious, refined passions and appetites — few comparatively under moral restraint, yet nearly all restrained within decent bounds by public opinion and the LAW! Three millions of people engaged: a portion in endeavoring to find out a new pleasure, and the means to gratify it; a portion in fair and legitimate industry; a portion in knavery, trickery, and false pretence; a portion in bold and defiant acts of wickedness — desperate acts, too repulsive for recital.

The inhabitants of London are too much occupied with their various objects of pursuit, to regard very closely what is going on around them. The legislator and the philanthropist, it is true, endeavor to arrive at the correct state of things, and in a measure they succeed. But although statistics may not lie, they can never present the whole truth, and it requires a great deal of careful and patient personal observation to get at it. How entertaining and how instructive are the reports of 'Our Eye-Witness' printed in that admirable publication, '*All the Year Round*,' because they daguerreotype what is actually going on in London, and introduce one class of human beings to another class, to whom they were before as unknown as if living at the antipodes.

To an American writing about London, various salient points present themselves, which would not strike an Englishman 'to the manner born.' It is always the foreigner, in any land, who is best calculated to describe and to criticise. Even as a nation, we become accustomed to our own peculiarities and our own defects, and do not see ourselves as others see us. The philosopher, after long experience over all the world, will be very apt to exclaim: 'How much of what is considered by mankind as a very portion of their religion, their duty, or their necessary life, is mere conventionalism!' The Londoner drinks wine, ale, and spirits as a beverage; he permits the streets to be overflowed by women incessantly importunate; he rejoices over prize-fights; but he will not allow a Sunday distribution of letters, nor grant to the poor a decent exercise of liberty on the 'LORD'S DAY.' Other countries present equal inconsistencies, and it is for this reason that an impartial interchange of opinion serves to benefit all.

The first thing which impresses a stranger on entering LONDON is a sense of its vastness. I do not believe this would fail, were a tra-

veller to be quietly deposited in any one of its streets, with no notice of where he was. So intense is this sensation sometimes, that a clerical friend of mine, at present holding a distinguished position in this city, who visited Europe a few years ago for some relief against a nervous malady, and whom I met in London, was so impressed with a sense 'of the tremendous agencies at work all the time and all together,' (as he expressed it,) that it became insupportable, and he was obliged to quit the city. It is indeed so. In no place in the world are we so ready to echo the words of the wise man: 'All things are full of labor.' In no place does the language of the Apostle apply so forcibly: 'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together.'

To get a living! The world of London is occupied with this — a turmoil, a strife, an eager, sharp, uncompromising struggle. A fight against want, gaunt and fierce. Satisfied to-day, restless to-morrow — surely restless to-morrow. Thus it appears to one perambulating the streets, entering the shops, penetrating into the poorer quarters. Thus it appears not to one lodging at Mivart's, frequenting the clubs, driving of an afternoon in the parks, where no cab nor hack nor labor-performing vehicle can enter. One sees that London, like all of England, exists for the aristocracy, a fine race of creatures, well endowed with intelligence and rank and wealth; and for the merchant, who, from this centre of financial power wields a force which intimidates the peer, driving him to compromises and soft words with the man of gold. Then the good people — really good people — who all the while attempt to soften the lot of the less fortunate by appeals to the rich, touching entreaties that they would spare a little, a very little, from their vast treasures, to keep the life in the poor; to support the orphan; to bring up the foundling, (too often their own offspring;) to somewhat ameliorate the condition of the wretched. And they succeed! Yes, the rich contribute, they think generously, from their abundance, and their names appear in newspapers and reports of various institutions, as patrons, very benevolent and charitable; securing, as they seem to suppose, by an easy tariff, a comfortable seat in the kingdom of heaven.

The strangers in London form another large class. Perpetually shifting, they fill the hotels and eating-rooms and lodging-houses. They frequent the theatres, and other places of amusement and resort; they go sight-seeing generally, till, satisfied with their observations, they depart, giving place to new faces, who perform their round, and also disappear. In describing London, one portrays in general much that may be witnessed in any large city. But aside from certain marked and peculiar features, from its immense size it presents spectacles which can no where else be encountered. And it is for this reason, it

would seem, that a familiar narration of what one hears and sees there, will not prove altogether uninteresting. It may not be considered affectation in the writer to state that, while in London, he enjoyed with zest the society of agreeable friends, and carried away with him a pleasant recollection of the many courtesies, and civilities received from them. He thus had opportunities for becoming acquainted with many of the distinguished men of letters whose names are familiar to the world. But he does not believe it to be in good taste to play the part of reporter under a hospitable roof or around a social board, and he leaves this office to those who count on laying in some capital, as a stock in trade, by accounts of how 'we took a morning stroll with Dickens,' 'dined the other day with Bulwer,' or 'had a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with those charming people, the Brownings.' Any respectable person visiting a foreign country, with the usual letters of introduction, cannot fail to receive, as a matter of course, every courteous attention, and be made to feel at home, in the circle to which he is introduced. It is so every where. But our traveller, should he have any curiosity to know what is actually going on around him, must take to the streets, must stop and examine, and must not be afraid to ask questions.

In the spring of 1858, I visited London for the ninth time. My first entry into the metropolis was made as a voyaging student of eighteen, on the way to Paris, in company with a very dear friend and fellow-student, now, alas! no more. Our trio was completed by the addition of George P. Putnam, afterwards my most esteemed friend and publisher, whose exquisite taste in preparing works for the press, has given him a reputation which should equal that of Aldus. We were boys, I may say; ardent and romantic enough. Our first thought was to make our way to Westminster Abbey, searching for the 'Poets' Corner;' seeking out the monument to 'glorious Will,' where he stands pointing to the lines on a scroll:

'The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,' etc.

Little did we care or think of what the world of London was about. What was the world of London to us? We were interested only with its romance. 'Which way lies the Tower?' 'How funny looks that poor devil of a beggar: bestow two-pence, and let us pass on.' 'Oh! here is the Hall of William Rufus. . . . 'Away now to the 'Boar's Head' in Eastcheap.' 'This, Sir? This is Wapping Stairs.' . . . 'St. Paul's!'

The 'solemn temple' presents to-day the same venerable aspect. Still towers aloft the Hall of William Rufus. Always fresh crowds are tracing, with curious interest, the places made famous by history

and the drama. Things are as we regard them. We engage ourselves in the world's business. Humanity begins to interest us. The time comes when we exclaim with energy: 'Let the dead bury the dead.' 'What of the living?' Thus looking back to the first visit to London, made under the circumstances I have described, I step over a lapse of many years, to the last visit — years, which worked their changes more distinctly perhaps on our own country than on any other, elevating the United States to the rank of a first-rate power among the nations where lately she was regarded as puny and insignificant. This period finds me more inquisitive about the great struggle in which human nature is engaged than about ancestral piles, or ancient domes, or worn-out traditions.

'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.'

CHAPTER SECOND.

As every one knows, the world of London lives in lodgings. And the stranger expecting to remain any length of time, quits his hotel, to take these more agreeable and less expensive quarters. Nothing can be more melancholy, in its aspect and in its effect, than a London tavern. Indeed, the first impression a stranger has of the English is, their exclusiveness. It always struck me that they take pattern from their geographical position — a little island with a water-wall against all intruders — and carry out the idea among themselves, into their own homes, little and great, with a motto over each door, 'An Englishman's house is his castle;' and near each turn-stile and on every wall: 'Trespassers will be visited with the penalties of the law.' Therefore their taverns are unsocial and dreary. In the smoking-room, (answering to the old tap-room,) a dark and gloomy apartment, knots of two or three congregate, drinking with a lugubrious aspect, and looking as if they awaited the approach of some serious event, the end of the world, for example. Here, as every where in Europe, you pay simply for what you order. You are charged a certain price for your room and attendance, and you need not take any thing within the house, unless you prefer to do so. Nevertheless, you will pay double what is charged in New-York, at a first-class hotel in London; and unless you are careful, and somewhat experienced in giving orders, your expenses will reach a fabulous sum. It costs from two dollars and a half to three dollars a day at a good second-class house there. Lodgings can be procured in any part of the city, and vary in price, according to the locality and the season of the year. For the town wears its fashionable aspect and its plebeian, marked and unmistakable, and, in this respect, presents a strong contrast with Paris, which may be said to be always gay. As the *beau monde* of

London turn night into day, so they reverse the ordinary habit of the seasons.

On the prorogation of Parliament, about the twelfth of August — the commencement of grouse-shooting — Fashion deserts the precincts of Belgravia, and hies to the rural districts, the Queen leading the way to Balmoral. The winter is spent on the estates, and it is not till about the first of March that the season commences again in London. Then begins a search and a demand for apartments. Then do keepers of lodging-houses in fashionable quarters prepare for their harvest. Then are the localities around Hyde Park, and in the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace, greatly to be desired, and eagerly sought after. In the city, so called, prices vary but little the year round. Should you wish to economize, choose a central position, between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, in one of the quiet streets leading to the river, pay your guinea a week, or even less, and live as economically or as extravagantly as you please. The sum paid entitles you to room, and attendance of every description, including errands, serving at the table, and so forth; and you are charged beside with only the actual cost of the food and light and fuel you consume, in which, however, you expect to be more or less cheated. Fires are very moderate — two-and-sixpence sterling a week only. Various scenic performances under your window, in the street, cannot fail to attract your notice, while the music of hand-organs, bagpipes, clarionets, fiddles, and even jews-harps — not all at once, but in a perpetual succession — beside tones of various grotesque instruments, seen by the stranger for the first time, and which he may imagine to be ‘cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer,’ greet your ear almost without intermission. Mountebanks approach your window, and at the least token of approbation, commence a series of acrobatic feats which make you shudder. One man proclaims in a loud voice that he will shortly proceed to break up a quantity of paving-stones with his fist. *Par parenthèse*, let me remark that I never could altogether master the *rationale* of this business. The man takes his seat in the street, on the curb-stone, with a pile of ordinary paving-stones around him, which he takes up and examines with the eye of an amateur, and lays down again. He talks eloquently of what he proposes to do. He exhibits the hard, round, flinty stone; he shows his small delicate-looking fist. When the curiosity of the audience is sufficiently excited, the hat is passed round. He gains a few pence — for we are not describing an aristocratic performance; he counts the money; he prepares to strike; he does strike. The stone does not break. He turns and looks on the crowd. He says: ‘Oh! it will take at least six pennies more to enable me to break this stone.’ A forced contribution this, but the result is other

three-pence. The fellow tries again. He brings his fist down with a tremendous whack. He fails: no breakage ensues; no damage done. He turns again, and says it is impossible, without the balance of that sixpence, to wit, three-pence more — what a stubborn dog! How he sticks to his original contract! He looks around inquiringly: ‘Gentlemen, I pledge you my word of honor that I will break the stone, on three-pence more being given in.’ Now you yourself have probably contributed three-fourths of the sum already in the hat. The man looks beseechingly at you, and for the purpose of saving your first investment, or at least of throwing good money after bad, the three-pence is forthcoming from your own treasury; the crowd gape their thanks at your generosity: and then, lifting his hand aloft, and bringing it down with rapid force, he hits the stone, and it is shivered to pieces.

But how does he do it? I watched a fellow once with no little interest, who made it his business to go about blowing fire and smoke out of his mouth and nostrils, to the great alarm of nursery-maids and little children. I had better luck investigating the mystery of this walking Vesuvius than that of the stone-cracker. I discovered the trick. It was simply to cram his mouth with tow, place a live coal in the centre, and set to work blowing, puffing, sneezing, snorting, with antics to match. Occasionally a snake-fancier seeks to entertain you with his store of repulsive reptiles, produced from a loathsome-looking box. These he parades before your eyes, until you are only too willing to hurl all your pennies at the wretch, if it will but induce him to move on. Here every thing appears to be on exhibition; and you look with a curious and surprised gaze at the various expedients of the exhibitors. But of all scenic performance, of all musical performance, towering far above white mice and rattle-snakes, acrobats, and perambulators who blow fire from mouth and nostrils; more exciting than marionettes, or dancing-girls, or dancing-dogs, or learned canary-birds, or any thing else under the whole heaven which over-looks London; of all, and above all, PUNCH AND JUDY remain confessedly, and by universal acclamation, without peer or rival, *the* institution of smoke-begrimed London. As such, they are entitled to a separate chapter.

THE AMERICAN POET'S 'MYSTIC LOT.'

WHEN Fate draws forth the mystic lot
The chosen bard that calls,
No eye will be upon the spot
Where the bright token falls.

Perchance the blue Atlantic's brink
The broad Ohio's gleam,
Or where the panther stoops to drink
Of wild Missouri's stream.

Where winter clasps with glittering ice
Katahdin's silver chains,
Or Georgia's flowery paradise
Unfolds its blushing plains:

But know that none of ancient earth
Can bring the sacred fire;
He drinks the wave of Western birth
That rules the Western lyre!

HOLMES

'THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.'

SUGGESTED by the supposed influence exerted upon the mind and life of the heroine of the above-named volume, by that pure, quaint treasury of holy thought, 'The Imitation of Christ,' by THOMAS A KEMPIS.

SLOWLY and heavily, with calm power,
Turns the great wheel of the mill;
Noiselessly, ceaselessly, hour by hour,
Fall the flour-flakes, white and still:
Bare and bleak the wheat-fields are lying,
Their grain is garnered and ground;
It bent to the scythe, and in dying,
Bread for man's nurture was found.

Sadly and mournfully MAGGIE reads,
By her window on the Floss,
Of a triumph over earthly needs,
And a gain through earthly loss:
The wheat is crushed; the soul must be tried
By many a suffering breath,
Ere it lifts the Cross, and purified,
Vows 'to bear it unto death.'

With questioning glance her dark eyes look
On the rippling waves below,
As now and anon they leave the book—
Quaint prophet of grief and woe:
How calmly the river flows along
With a dreamy murmurous tide,
While its gurgling waters breathe a song
To the listeners far and wide.

Year after year doth that streamlet flow
Quietly down from the hill;
And year after year, revolving slow,
Moves the great wheel of the mill:
Fit type of a calm and tranquil life,
Fulfilling a daily round
Of wearisome cares, whose petty strife
The imprisoned soul doth bound.

That maiden's features, so calm and pure,
Do they shadow forth a soul,
Which in earth-born limits thus secure,
Content with its earthly dole,
Moves on in a still, unvaried path
Of passionless toil and care,
Undisturbed by Love or Woe or Wrath,
And undazzled by Fancy's weird glare?

Years pass: in one wild awful night
The river is lashed to foam,
And far and near, with its frenzied might,
Leaves desolate some dear home:

While the quiet work of years gone by —
 The dull routine of the mill —
 Is forever done: its timbers lie
 Wrecked at the base of yon hill.

Through that fearful gloom a maiden fair
 Rowed down the widening Floss:
 Upon her pure brow, with fervent prayer,
 She sealed the sign of the cross,
 In token: list to her quivering breath,
 As the waves tumultuous throng:
 'I will bear it, and bear it till death;'
 Yet, 'How long, O LORD! how long?'

Alas! that the hush precedes the gale;
 That the stillest stream may rise;
 That the calmest lips may utter wail;
 And Death veil the brightest eyes!
 The river will seek its bank once more,
 Its tumult hereafter cease;
 While the earth-tossed soul hath reached the shore
 Where broodeth eternal Peace.

A.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

SECOND SERIES.

I WANT to introduce you, my beloved Sloperite readers and genial KNICKERBOCKERITE friends, to an individual whom you have probably met before, under one name or another, upward of a hundred times. Whether you've really thought *what* he actually is, and what sort of a *rôle* he plays in the great comedy of American life, is something you must settle with yourself. In fact, it's a most dubiferously doubtful matter of great uncertainty and unsettledness whether I, who am so far away from being one of your smart sort, can succeed in hitting him off with all the Clara-obscurers and Harry-besks which envelope him. But I'll try my hand while waiting for some better artist to come and do it more completely.

I'm talking about Appledove Fowler, a man with decent names enough, and, as most people think him, a decent individual enough. But the fact is, Appledove is not only what Hiram calls a subtle and dangerous bore, but also a subtle and dangerous humbug of the most deceptive description. Did you never find out in your wide experience, dear KNICKERBOCKERITE, that there are certain and divers people whom you got along with very well for a good while, even

befooling yourself with the idea that you liked them, if not compassibly, or taking in all the points of affection, at least *passibly* on a few. Lo and behold, one fine Spring morning (or Autumn afternoon) it struck you, like walking into a well, that the individual in question was very far from being in your line, and that it would be rather a relief to see his name down among the passengers for Canton. It came on you like the gradual conviction that there has been a *leetle* salt mixed up with the sugar in your coffee, or a slightly improper egg insinuated in your omelette.

From the concussion of the idea to its discussion is only an instant, after which comes by way of repercussion and cap the climax the remark: 'Well, I *always* thought there was something mighty *queer* about him, any how!'

'Queer' in about a week gets to mean something about as agreeable as the discovery that you've been stuck with a counterfeit bank-note, and can't remember where you caught it. Then you begin to recal how it used to strike you in a dim sort of way that the young man in question had a good many friends who never spoke well of him. Suddenly it comes into your head that he looks or talks uncommonly like some body you used to despise like root-beer, about twenty years ago. This generally settles the business; you do n't take any more lunches with him; you do n't trade cigars any more together, trying to see if you can't give him the best; you do n't want to see his name any more on paper; you turn the gas off on him, and you're down on him generally.

Now, if you, dear reader, be a decent, high-minded, generous, and *nice* individual, as you unquestionably are, there's generally hid away somewhere plenty of right good sound reasons for your antipathy, particularly if you be a woman!

Natanella Séton was going to spend two days of summer shopping in New-York, and stay with an aunt, so I took her down on the boat. 'A very nice time we had, talking over what would be bought for surprises, and who we'd be likely to meet, and whether the town would be empty, or warm, or dusty, and if Amelia had any long gloves left, and would like some of the Swedish for country wear; and where those lawns were to be had; and if I remembered what that last book of Ticknor and Fields' was which Bertha wanted; and if I had read Fields' poems; and if I had heard how much he had seen of Tennyson lately in England; and what I thought of Stoddard, and Aldrich, and Stedman, and Bayard Taylor, and Paul Hayne; and if I did n't like the Amber Gods; and had I read Anne Whitney's Poems; and what glorious things they were; and who was it that wrote that splendid 'Glance at Victor Hugo,' and those fine letters in the *Mobile Journal*, and —

And while going on at a grand rate, and telling me all sorts of things, I saw Nella's eyes suddenly shut half *up*—*not down*, observe—and then open again, while in the next instant she greeted and introduced me to Appledove Fowler, a decent enough looking man, of some thirty-eight Thanksgivings, a person of medium height, and clean nails, nice linen and no jewelry, and in fact, so far as outward description goes, every way calculated not to offend the most fastidious. He went the howdy-do's with great limberness; run over the weather like a freshly-oiled Merriam; slid into the beauties of the Hudson River scenery like an Alderman's fingers into packages of Japanese ball-tickets, and turned out enthusiasm as easy as Eugenius Shine turned out the Fourth Ward American female school-teachers. All the while Natanella never took her eyes off him. There's a way of flattering people by attention, and that she *had*, up to the nineties in the shade. I *must* say that Appledove Fowler seemed to me to be one of the most gentlemanly men I ever met; in fact, I *knew* he was a gentleman by the way he spoke.

'You have such a true love for nature, Mr. Fowler!' said Nella at last. Please observe, reader, that this was n't pitched too high or too low; it did n't go into flattery-piping or come out in a common-place *tol de rol* tone. It said, in the deepest sort of sincerity, and in a way which would slash a susceptible heart all into sausage-meat: 'I really *do* believe that you're one of those men in a ten thousand who have got the genuine article of sentiment—the original Maria Farina and the pure Skiddam.' I was taken in any way, for, as I remarked before, I *must* say that Appledove Fowler seemed to me to be one of the most cultivated men I ever met, and I in fact *knew* that he was a cultivated man by the way he spoke.

We were going through the finest scenery on the river, and (not to create a false impression) had been going it for some time. Appledove, I saw, had been reading a foreign book of some kind; I had a good chance to notice this, for he accidentally held it a good while, so that I could n't help seeing the cover.

'I believe, Miss Séton,' said Appledove, 'that I *am* gifted with a very sincere love for such glorious scenery as this. Not that I or any body can be gifted like you. Beauty of course is drawn by beauty, and those lovely views were made for lovely eyes, as Mr. Sloper I see was just about to observe. To carry out his simile, and avail myself of his ingenious thought, I would say that I *do* rejoice in having a great idea of picturesque things, because—that is to say, you know—it puts me in enviable relation to the more superior beings who are gifted as I am.'

[I *must* say that Appledove Fowler seemed to me, when he rung me in on that idea I never had, to be a man of uncommon tact and

delicacy; in fact, I *knew* he was a man of uncommon tact and delicacy by the way he spoke.]

'You, evidently, are not one of those who travel without observing the beauties of nature,' quoth Natanella. She kept her eyes earnestly on him, and to make the conversation easier, he turned his back toward the river and scenery, so as to face her. He did it with a little graceful flourish, which I noticed at the time; in fact, not to create a false impression, I may say that I rather admired it.

'Yes,' said Appledove, 'I draw strength from its primitive ardor which opens the future, without, however, confounding that part of it which is the soul and imperishable *virtue*, with that part which is only youthful and perishable mortal beauty.'

'Yes,' said I, 'be virtuous and you will be happy.'

[I must say that Appledove used very moral and elegant language; in fact, I *knew* that he used elegant language by the way he spoke.]

'Then,' quoth Appledove, 'I should be like — excuse the remark — like Miss Séton. Like her, as the swan's reflection is like the swan.'

Natanella continued to look steady at him, and smiled so gray that I began to see that Appledove was n't making so much of a mark on her as he thought.

'And yet, Mr. Fowler,' said he, 'with all your enthusiasm for nature, and with all your exquisite good taste, you do not lose sight of the practical. The whole world speaks of you as exceedingly shrewd and sensible. I should think it would be quite impossible to circumvent *you*. One does n't gain such a reputation without deserving it.'

[It struck me at the time, that I had never heard any such stupendous records of Appledovey's financial abilities; in fact, not to create a false impression, I may say, that not being one of your 'cute sort, I had remained under the compression that outside of a kind of two-penny shystering smartness and snap-judgment genius, Dovey was, in a business way, rather a cross between a Dutch dumpling and a one-horse blower. But he at once marked himself up at a much higher figure.

'Yes, I flatter myself — ahem! I believe that I *am* up to a thing or two. But it's very simple, Miss Séton — nothing easier. The first thing one must do, is to get rid of all the 'noble soul' business one hears so much about. I really wonder that there's so much of such nonsense left to encumber commercial relations. *No-ble so-o-oul!* Bah! When it comes to common-sense, it do n't pay to believe that any body ever plays any thing but the grab-game. It may not be true, but it's always safe to go on the principle that most men are thieves and that all men are liars, as Scripture says. I would n't of course make so broad an assertion on my own experience. Beside, I

do n't say it's *true*, that would be *rude*; I only say it's perfectly *safe*, and *that* I know to be true.'

[I must say that I began to think that Dovey was rather mixed up and queer in his notions, though he expressed them very politely, and in fact, still continued to show himself a gentleman, by the way he SPOKE.]

'And yet it seems melancholy,' said Natanella, 'to think that superior intelligence requires that we should act on the theory that every body is a liar. Not being very practical myself, it seems to me that if your doctrine is true, I ought to disbelieve in it because you assert it!' [Here Dovey squirmed a little.] 'Or to think that every body steals if they can — not that it is *really* so, as you say, but that we ought to act on the supposition. But what makes it most melancholy, is to reflect that *your experience* as a practical business man, confirms it all. I'm afraid *there's something in it*.'

'Oh!' said Dovey, 'if you'll only reflect an instant, it will appear true enough. You'll grant, I suppose, that "every man has his price." I believe,' continued Dovey, triumphantly, 'that *nobody* ever disputed *that*. Some people's price is high, some low, but no body ever held a principle he would n't sell out on for a high enough bid. And if every man *has* his price, I for my part can't see the difference between admitting that and admitting that he'll steal.'

'The early Christian martyrs,' began Natanella.

'Sold out for a heavenly crown,' quoth Dovey. 'That was *their* price.'

'The martyrs to science —'

'Not posted on them. Mostly humbugs, I suppose. Blew up, I presume, in trying to find out some high-pressure smut-machine or patent medicine that would pay.'

'The martyrs to philosophy and free thought —'

'Ah!' said Dovey, smiling very affably, as if he saw the light now and were coming up to time; 'you must n't talk about things, Miss Séton, which *NOBODY* knows any thing about. Who ever heard of such cases? *I* am not acquainted with them.'

[It just began to occur to me that, in the first place, the men who insist so much on general rascality are, as a rule, fellows who have rushed up into a little information on a few things; of which information they are enormously vain, and that they always hold what they *do n't* know to be of no account at all, and not to be recognized as existing. And secondly, I began to feel that Natanella understood an immense sight more than either of us; that she was taking in the great points of a problem, and that poor Dovey was being played with like a counter and used for an experiment, while he thought he was argu-

ing. I'm not one of your 'cute sort, but I saw this and marvelled sore.

'There was a man once, Mr. Fowler,' quoth Nella, 'a noble, honest man, named Bruno, who was perfectly indifferent to a future life; who had no party or clique to applaud him; who had been sated with literary fame; and he threw himself, to preach new thoughts or ideas, into the hands of the Church, and was burned alive. This is all perfectly true.'

'Ah!' said Dovey, very plain indeed, 'it was a case of lunacy. Lunacy, Miss Séton, you may not be aware, is often *extremely* subtle — so very subtle that sometimes you actually can't prove it. I've heard of a man's being sent to an asylum in England, simply because his relatives proved a great many intelligent and shrewd acts on his part, which it was argued had been assumed to conceal madness.*'

'Ah!' said Nella, 'there's no arguing against you, I see. You batter down my poor defences terribly. What a lawyer you would have been! How you would have kept the principal witnesses out of court! Ah! that is the great art of winning cases, and to simply win the case in point, is of course the great aim of all law and of every sound lawyer.'

'Of course,' quoth Dovey, 'of course. You see, Miss Séton — allow me to make the remark with the uttermost deferentialness — that the PRACTICAL man who has got rid of all the bosh of what they call in their technical phraseology 'honorable sentiments,' and 'noble soul,' and such stuff, must *always* get the best of it. Now, you've read an immense sight more than I have; but all your knowledge that ever was do n't upset *me*. The greatest part of human nature, as *I* see it, is its roguery and rascality. Now, *I*, knowing as *I* do all about this rascality, *can't* very well come across any body who can see all round me and look over me. But, bless my soul! there's the bell! Good morning — good morning!'

We had reached a river landing, and Dovey hurried ashore. I do n't know, dear reader, if I can give you the same deep, almost *awful* feeling which came over me as I saw Nella's smile when he left. It was the smile of one looking down from a great height on all the world. I'm not very smart, but I *had* understood her play, and I wondered that it had never struck me before how ignorant and one-sided and cornered-up are those 'practical men' who think that to know human rascality is to know every thing.

'See around *you*, poor insect!' said Nella, at last; 'around *you*! And he thinks his puddle is the ocean! Mr. Sloper, tell me, you who move every day in business among scores of such men, does the idea

* See case of Mr. EDWARD DAVIES — Gooch's Principles of Forensic Medicine: chap. 6.

really *never* enter their poor heads that there are circles on circles of men and women inconceivably their superiors in all things, yes, even in craft and in shrewdness, as well as in every thing good and beautiful?’

‘No, for they believe that simple roguery is a match for *any* kind of genius. Why should n’t they? Their ignorance and vulgarity keep them from contact with their superiors; and then their highest idea of a victory is to transfer money from other pockets to their own. It’s very clear, Miss Nella, that a rat who lives in holes and darkness must suppose that all other creatures live in the same sort of vile way—he steals and wastes; of course every thing else does the same. To the rat—a hole.’

‘Very good. I shall always when I meet one of these poor ignorant creatures who know nothing of the higher developments of humanity, class him with rats. *Rats!* yes, they certainly are sorry rats indeed.’

I know perfectly well that I, Mace Sloper, am not a very brilliant customer, generally speaking, and that even with a first-class education, I should n’t have been a twenty thousand horse by any means of manners. Nevertheless, I know enough, and have read round of evenings and at odd hours enough to work out *certain ideas*. And he who has done this has done *something* in common with the smartest men who were ever started.

One of these ideas comes often to me in pleasant places. It comes to me when I sit of a summer morning among Northern rocks, covered with green-yellow lichens, near grass and clover, under rustling trees. The bees go sailing along, busy and buzzy both together, as if calling out to all the world to clear the track. I half believe bees know how much they’ve been cracked up in Sunday-schools, and blow their trumps accordingly. Once in a while a piratical wasp, a privateering hornet, a fly-boat of a yellow-jacket goes darting by or stopping at some secret harbor of a hole, tacks and trims sail, bumping his nose like a slaver at a bar before she darts up a creek. The chip-munk squirrels run over the old gray walls and look at me in a friendly, lively way with bright eyes and then vanish in the crevices, but do even their dodging gracefully as a true lady does when suddenly called to the nursery. The ants, great and small, wander in their usual bedoozled, bewildered way even to the tops of the high grass and elder-bushes; hesitating and hurrying, and going over the same ground a hundred times; and a mile off you can hear Ethan and Joel hurrahing to the oxen. This and that, bees and breeze, flies and skies, are all very pleasant. But the pleasantest thing in them all is, that

they bring up again the way you used to feel the same things when a boy.

When you and I were boys, the shape of leaves, the colors of an apple or of spear-grass, the *looks* of snakes and insects, the small corners and fine finish of every thing was observed more closely than now. Partly because it was all newer, partly because our senses were fresher, and partly because boys may look at little things with their whole hearts without being continually called away by Dignity. To be sure Nature has finished off her fine work so finely that it 's beyond your scope, or even your microscope; but then Nature has no dignity at all, much less indeed than my friend Erasmus Jackson, D.D., Parson of Pigwackett Centre. In fact, if you 'll observe her, you 'll find that she sometimes actually slides along in a happy medium between vulgarity and low comedy, which is, however, just as much nature in its way as if she confined her operations to genteel thunderstorms among aristocratic Alps, or manufactured nothing but Lakes of Como, or Mount Zions.

Well, as I was saying, boys and humble sort of people are privileged by their simplicity to watch with interest a great deal which the ripest poet or painter or 'observer' can't do, though they may have the best will in the world to do it; simply because by growing up, or I should say, by getting educated, they lose the faculty of wondering.

When you wake up from an uncommonly wild dream, common-sense really seems to be trying her very best to keep you from remembering it. I declare I 've sometimes thought I could see the goblin scene-shifters pulling at the curtain so as to make it come down quicker and keep you from catching a glimpse at any of the playing. Just in this way does nature hurry and flurry to keep the man who has awoke to the realities of life from remembering the boy-dreams among apple-blossoms and clover. You do n't know, Sir, how much you used to watch trees and sun-shine, birds and rivers when you were a boy. You 've no conception how much more than any men *some* boys feel the life of new scenes. Finally, we do n't know, or do n't like to admit, how much of the enjoyment which we now have of beautiful things is, after all, only the boy-feelings served up over again. Of course, because we like to imagine that such enjoyment is all 'intellect' and education, which the boy has n't had at all.

I *had* to say all this: I always felt from the beginning that a time must come when I'd have to say it, because I know that the world can't understand that the young or the uneducated have any part or share in watching the beauties of nature. I had to say that Mace Sloper, who is just on a level with an immense lot of his country fellow-men, has reasons for believing that he and they can enjoy by the hour, sky and waves and mountains; the Hudson River and the Pali-

sades, Sleepy Hollow and corn-fields just as well as any body, just as naturally, and just on the same grounds. Sir, I'm very much afraid that most of your love of these things did n't come out of your boyhood. I'm afraid you pumped some of it out of that little book of poetry. I do n't blame you: it's very fine, but it is n't *your own*.

I feel the old ideas, the old simplicity, and best of all, the old hopes come over me very often in the woods in summer-time, when I lie down and watch the branches swaying, and see the clusters of leaves opening and parting between me and the far-away sky. They all live up there such a different sort of a life from what I do, greening and fanning and wavering the whole summer long, without a thought. So cool and clean, so pure and free from mortal meanness and smartness and trick and 'cuteness. They would shame me, if I did n't know that if they had thinking souls they would be too good to do any thing save love. If there's any thing I'd like never more to see, it would be never to look at any fresh blooming thing crushed, broken, brought down. A green leaf in a puddle, a plant snapped off, bark stripped away, all look to me a *little* like devil's work. It is a sin to stop short any creation which is living for light.

NEARLY the same feelings which I feel for leaves, and all blooming innocent things, come over me, but in a higher and tenderer form, when I see that very common object, a little poor boy. The stumpy, saucy little scamps of the city streets, in their worst form, are perhaps in God's sight the most touching of all. But to me, who cannot take so wide a range, the frequentest heart-pinchings come from meeting a quiet, rather decent, little poor chap, stumping contentedly enough along, walking miles on miles on a two-penny errand; a young shaver who has a hard row to hoe, who must be poorly fed and clad, and may be entirely unschooled and licked and whaled a good deal more than he ought to be, and who is finally not at all preventible from becoming a great scamp. All because it so came in the way things worked, that the disease of having nothing which afflicted his parents came with the color of his eyes and hair down to that same little chap who is no worse a boy, Sir, and ought no more to be licked or starved, on general principles, than your nephew.

I'm no radical, Sir, no leveller. I'd no more propose an equal distribution of real estate and stocks than I would taking life away from the living, were it possible, in order to revive the dead. It has *come so*, and what has been a million years in coming so, won't be undone in a day. But I bless God that I live in the country in which of all others that poor little boy stands the best chance of getting his natural rights. I bless and thank Him too, with a fervor and a grati-

tude which never was and I hope never will be equalled by my thanks for any favor conferred on me alone, that this country has, through long strife and many obstacles, been the first and foremost to prove that when men have equal rights, LABOR rises in dignity; that PROGRESS is not a sell and a sham; and that far off as the day may be, we have at last proved that it *will* come, when freedom from every sham and falsehood shall prevail, and restraint on free and proper action will be unknown. Finally, here on this Sunday morning, in the church of Green Trees and Blue Sky, I return thanks that that poor little ragged boy lives in a land in which, should his ambition be stimulated, he may rise to the highest honors; a land where perhaps the majority of the great were all once as poor and as ragged as himself. And if it be true, which nobody can deny, that all this involves Third-house lobbying, corporated swindles, scoundrelly aldermen, thieving public functionaries, and an enormous raising of dirty rascals to place and power, all I can say is, that with all this, we pay cheaply enough for the simple fact that the poor boy above referred to, has got a better show here and a fairer chance than he ever had before since the year One any where on the face of the everlasting earth.

Now, fellow-citizen, I want you, as a business man, to look at this thing in a sensible light, and not be led away by either the blue-nose or blackguard press—they both pull together on this point—into believing that every thing is as bad as can be, that the Devil is rampant, and that the whole country is going straight to Satan. ‘Let us sit down and reason this thing together,’ as old Dr. Brandreth’s advertisements say. You’ve heard in your time that the credit system was a humbug, the proof being shown in financial crises. You’ve also probably been informed that rail-roads were monstrously slaughtering humbugs, proof being in the periodical massacres.

Yet, if I’m not enormously mistaken, what little business there was transacted in Europe before the credit system came in, was so hampered by usury and risks, that it seems wonderful any body ever adventured in it. The profits were large, the expenses and risks perfectly awful. Now-a-days we get the losses in a lump, and they *seem* greater than they are. Just so the rail-roads. Their disasters are dire enough. But they are in no sort of proportion to the amount of loss of life and limb in the old stage-coaches. Will any gentleman, say of sixty, who has been much of a traveller in this country from boyhood, give in his experience?

In like manner, we have capitalized our social sufferings and drawn rascality from private life into public office. I believe I tell the truth when I say that in our big cities scoundrels are impelled by irresistible and peculiar attraction toward politics. Rum and roguery, swindling and cruelty naturally seek to be favored by those who *ought* to

punish 'em, and the change from being protected into protectors is not difficult. It's a bad business, but I vow and declare I think it might be forty times worse, and it really is worse, much worse, in many countries where every thing seems to work like oil and on diamonds. Just inspect the *REAL* state of American life and morals; do n't take any body's say so, but go, as I have, into the best-sifted tables of investigations and police returns; see for yourself in life how people live, contrast all this with the same in any country in Europe, beginning with England, where one in every eight or ten dies in a poor-house, and ending with Bavaria, in whose capital half of the folks are illegitimate, and then see!

We all have our little troubles. But weighing one thing with another, I see great cause why in this country we should push on like good fellows, with healthy, hearty exertion. If I see the fountains of justice growing foul and public men sinking below the moral and social dignity of the average decent, private citizen, I can at least console myself that this cannot last long. When hills have become holes, they will be filled up, and something better placed in their stead. Thanks to the freedom of the press, within a few years a very decided line is soon drawn between honest officers and thieves, and this principle is working against many obstacles toward a good end.

But above all, let the troubles be what they may, I find consolation in the fact that that bare-footed poor little American boy has, beyond question, a chance to get at his rights!

S O N N E T .

THE frost-red leaf glows ruddier on the trees,
 The crimson sun lights up the tangled maze
 Of woodland dim, and in a purple haze,
 The veil cast o'er this autumn-time of peace,
 Robing in its soft tints as far as sees
 The musing eye, save where some sun-beam plays,
 Chasing a shadow through the forest-ways,
 Which, fleeter far of foot, before it ever flees —
 The scene grows lovelier: all is hushed and still,
 Except the bell that calls to even-song,
 Bidding the world-a-weary heart be strong,
 Soothing unrest, and conquering wayward will,
 With its loved music, sweet as some dear prayer,
 By sainted mother taught to childhood's faith blest ear!

Trinity College, Hartford.

PRESTON DAVIS SILL.

THE OCEAN CEMETERY.

BY DE W. VAN BUREN.

A MOTLEY group are the ocean dead,
 In their tombs beneath the waves,
 Where the slimy weeds are thickly spread,
 To cover the lonely graves;
 Where the winds, like solemn mid-night bells,
 Are chanting a chime of wo,
 And spirits that live in purple cells
 Go wandering to-and-fro.

Those dreamless sleepers, rigid and cold,
 Are a pale uncoffined throng,
 Whose mournful dirges are sadly tolled
 By the waves that pass along:
 Some went down when the horrible shriek
 Of the blast rang through the night,
 When the heavens a vengeance seemed to wreak
 And the stars gave not their light:

Some went down when the mutable sea
 In repose lay calm and still,
 When scarcely a breeze danced by in glee,
 The indolent sails to fill;
 And the waters closed over their forms
 With a quick and fiendish leap:
 They sank to a kingdom free from storms —
 A fathomless realm of sleep!

When the tempest is howling above,
 And the billows rolling high,
 These corses forward and backward move
 'Mong the shells that round them lie:
 Their ghastly features are cold and damp;
 And their glaring eye-balls seem,
 By the light of the mermaid's 'spectral lamp,'
 With a wildness fierce to gleam.

And the vessels sail the lone night long,
 With treasure and gold and spoil:
 The mariners raise on high their song,
 As boldly they onward toil:
 They little heed that beneath them lies
 That terrible ocean-tomb,
 Where ghastly faces and staring eyes
 Make frightful the silent gloom!

All marks of lineage are unknown
 In this grave-yard deep and vast:
 No monument there, or sculptured stone,
 To tell of the fearful past:
 The peasant and prince sleep side by side —
 The king and the servile slave;
 For poverty's rags and royal pride
 Must meet in a common grave.

Schenectady, (N.Y.)

MARK BECKWITH.*

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

My first recollections, and most of the events of my boyhood, youth, and earlier manhood, are forever associated with the village of L — F —, the most attractive spot in all the valley of the Mohawk. How fondly do men of impressible natures, who have spent their early days amid picturesque, or especially romantic scenery, return afterward in thought, and dwell in the enchanting recollection of them! There is medicine for the soul in it. Now that I am a grave, gray-bearded traveller, I often find myself in fancy in that beloved valley, facing the solemn hills, (I thought them mountains once,) and presently I am pierced with awe and love, and have thoughts that chasten me and make me strong. If I have sinned, there is Nature, who has risen to behold the sinner, and touch him with a frown that is regretful, sad, reproachful. When I stand and gaze with an honest heart, that southern hill, along which the querulous river pursues its quaint vagaries, seems lit with smiling sun-shine; and even its base, where many a dream has lost itself in the darkness, looks only glad encouragement.

I have lately returned from those beloved scenes, where I had thought to spend a month with profit, and have since been the prey of a consuming melancholy. Although I found a few kind friends, who had not quite out-grown their early feelings, I missed one who had been more to me than all the rest; and the hills, the rocks, the very air, seemed still to mourn him: no object, no sound of bells, but seemed grown drear and sombre with horror of his tremendous fate. I did not stay a week.

I am concerned to find that this ghost of former unhappiness, evoked by the sight of those too eloquent scenes, will not be laid. I must pierce it with my pen. If I have hesitated to do so, it is because I dread the task; and I must own I fear the sneers of the literal world, which has so often of late been sought to be startled with ill.

* EXTRACT FROM A NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

‘Should you ever journey to Little Falls, you would be able to satisfy yourself more fully concerning the singular being whom I have chosen for the subject of this story; for there must still exist many whose memories cover the period embraced in it. You might chance to be interested in some other (but not perhaps more faithful) account of him. Whatever the standpoint from which he is viewed, one cannot resist the conviction that his character was extraordinary. As for the circumstances immediately connected with his death, the account of them must be taken on my faith alone, as Dr. S —, the only other person who was cognizant of the facts, long since followed him.’

managed ghosts, and a reckless expenditure of blood, that it listens but coldly to even the truest tale. I must be pardoned if I cling to the lights of my picture, and for a long time only hint at the shadows. I would not write at all, but for my faith in the maxim of Hahnemann : '*Similia similibus curantur.*'

There was that not only in Mark Beckwith's mind, but in his habits, appearance, blood, and family history, which distinguished him from common men. The world has rarely seen so strange a being. I, who knew him best, always wondered most — I may add, loved most ; for he had a great heart in that proud bosom of his. Even had we not been friends, I think there was so much that was touching in his history and situation, I could never have felt other than kindly toward him. Left an orphan in his fourteenth year, he had since lived quite alone, in the old stone house that for many generations had belonged to the family. He was the last of his race.

How often have I dreamed of that gloomy pile, standing aloof from the other dwellings, and looking so awful in its hoary grandeur ! How carefully, in my childhood, would I avoid it, after dark ; or, if obliged to pass it, how quickly would I move, scarcely taking breath till it was no longer near ! I would think of Mark, stared at by ghosts, and hearing strange, startling noises ; perhaps crying out for his father to come and reassure him, or drive away some horrid hectoring shape. He used to tell me, with an air I found it difficult to construe, that, in the darkest and stillest nights, he saw and heard much more than I could fancy. In the day-time I laughed, but at night I secretly trembled, and wondered that he should speak so coolly of things I had always thought so terrible. And when his father followed his mother, and he was left alone, although I had outlived many of my childish notions, I was still young and fanciful enough to feel that I would rather live any where than in that house. Probably there were not a dozen people in the village who could have been induced to spend a night there. I confess, however, that, often as I afterward did so, I never witnessed any thing, night or day, which could have disturbed a person of ordinary nerves.

In the days of New-England witchcraft — according to a current legend — one of Mark's ancestors had been a notable witch-finder, and general inquisitor of those wretched creatures ; and had exalted himself extremely by burning his own mother, upon being satisfied of her commerce with the devil. His sons were wild, roaming fellows, who gave him much trouble. One of them strayed westward, entered the State of New-York, united himself with a savage tribe, and, by his bravery, hardihood, and skill in wood-craft, rose rapidly in the favor of the chief, who finally gave him his only daughter in marriage. This sylvan princess is said to have been as good as she

was beautiful. Of the two, her husband was the real savage. Naturally passionate and reckless, and sadly hardened by his way of life, he was a great brute, not worthy his swarthy but gentle wife. He ill-treated her shamefully; and one sad day, in a fit of rage, he killed her. Taking with him his only child, this demon fled to the settlement, where now lies the village of L — F —. His story was believed. The people received him kindly, and would have made him one of themselves; but he was a strange, reserved, and gloomy man, with whom none could get upon terms of intimacy. He selected a spot not very near any other dwelling-place, built him a small hut, and kept doggedly at work clearing and cultivating his land, upon which, in a few years, he was able to build a more comfortable house — the very one that now stands there. Meanwhile, the old chief, who knew the wrongs of his people, and had never loved the pale-face, had had his old dislike distilled into a fell hatred, by the murder of his daughter. He did not immediately pursue, for he was not yet ready to strike. He wanted the blood not only of the murderer, but of the whole white race. From all the accounts, he was an extraordinary man — another Pontiac — and possessed wonderful powers of persuasion. He was not idle for a moment. He went among the friendly neighboring tribes, and urged them to repossess themselves of their own. He seemed to have formed the design of preaching a general crusade, and even of uniting those who had never been united before, that they might, by a simultaneous effort, drive the usurping pale-face into the sea, and so regain their heritage. The people in the settlement in some way got wind of these fearful plans, and at once held a meeting to discuss measures for defence. After some idle schemes had been proposed and rejected, Mark Beckwith, who had hitherto been silent, rose, and offered, if they would trust him, to put a stop to the hostile demonstrations, single-handed and alone. ‘Give me six days,’ he said, ‘and I will go.’ There was that in his manner which showed he was in earnest; and as they knew that no other one of their number was so well qualified for the adventure, they let him go, marvelling at his bravery, and doubting whether they should ever see him again. On the sixth night, which was dreadfully stormy, he returned. He was wet, haggard, weary, and had a solemn look that repressed inquiry. ‘Wait for news,’ he said; and he never after spoke on the subject. Soon the joyful word came that the old chief had been found in a swamp, with a bullet in his heart. The next day was a Sunday. Pervent were the thanks that went up from the rude church, and happy were the faces of the people as they emerged from the door-way. After this, Mark Beckwith, though rarely seen, was often the theme of conversation in the settlement. ‘But for him,’

they would say, 'we might now be dead men!' for there were few who doubted that it was he who sped the fatal bullet.

I know that Mark had faith in the story, for he always spoke as though it could not be doubted. It was wonderful to observe in the subsequent history of the family, as he related it, how the Indian blood in the veins of his ancestor and namesake's child, appeared and disappeared in the lineaments or traits of the men in successive generations. After a considerable leap, it now manifested itself mysteriously but unmistakably in Mark: not, as before, imparting masculine, but feminine characteristics; betraying itself not in features, but occasional expression. In tender moments, especially also in his frequent fits of wild enthusiasm, there would come out on that fair face, and look from those beautiful eyes of heaven's own blue, a kind of spiritual second-self—something soft, a little wild and mournful, but lovely beyond expression. To me, the legend was true; for there surely was the Indian maid of my dreams! The sweet charity and tenderness, which were the essence of her character, battling unseen for long years with that dire Puritanic virus of intolerance and that taint of savage cruelty, which were the blemishes of the old Beckwith stock, had finally triumphed, and now could lovingly dwell with it, continually taking courage and giving goodness; and even could show itself to the world, with many an added grace supplied by civilization and religion.

The death of Mark's father seemed to vivify our friendship, which soon became very warm and true. We were so much together, they called us Pythias and Damon: and so often did we take the scenes we loved into our confidence, as it were, encouraging in one another those feelings of love and reverence which always had been natural to us, that we grew to be two of the most unworldly creatures possible; our forgetfulness of every day affairs being especially evinced in the summer months, when we could wander at our own sweet will, and touch the ground with the satisfaction and profit of old Antæus. We were often in a glow; but there was something in his enthusiasm so poetic, manly, great-souled, and heroic, and he was withal so full of it, I felt ashamed of my own feebler nature, and would almost envy him his occasional magnificent exaltations of mind and feeling, when his words burned like fire, and his form would tremble with emotion.

Just out of the village, to the eastward, there was a little nook, half-way up a ledge of rocks, having in front a small nearly level platform, and looking off boldly over the valley below, where the river, murmuring above, expanded into a placid miniature lake that nearly surrounded a lovely promontory which had once been an island, but was

now joined to the shore on the other side. Below, the water could be seen to ripple away, as though refreshed by the dreams it had just indulged in, and dance toward its fate in very wantonness. There we would sit, far into the night, and watch the moon-light on its westward course, struggling with the tiny billows, and trying to bribe them into silence with its limitless riches of gold and silver and gems. Then how quietly and steadily would it glide up the silent lake, and make us dream and think of heaven! We would talk upon high themes, and look reverently at the solemn hills, which rose so steep and grand, just beyond the waters. They seemed to talk to us; and sometimes Mark, with head uncovered, would break silence with an audible response. Or we would go back in fancy, and people the scene with dusky lovers — for whom we made a Paradise of the little island — and whose canoes we would have shooting out from every shady place, and idling over the water. Little romances Mark would invent for me, that touched me sensibly; indeed, nearly every feature of the landscape is to this day associated with some act in those fanciful dreams, the characters in which were mostly aboriginal. He endowed the ‘medicine-men’ with wondrous powers, and dwelt admiringly on the fortitude of tortured braves. The quality of endurance, not only as shown by these, but as exhibited so grandly by the Christian martyrs, was a theme that never failed to call out his powers, and quicken them with a real enthusiasm. The supernatural was another favorite topic; we had strange fancies under that head. Not content with the world we knew, we strayed inquiringly into the other, forging fantastic theories and daring spiritual creeds. We peopled the air with restless souls that could not forget the earth, whom we made to busy themselves in the affairs of mortals.

Alas! I would dwell forever in the recollection of those days; but I feel that it is time I should approach the end, by which I am both repelled and horribly fascinated. Year by year Mark Beckwith’s greatness ripened in him. There was no height to which he might not look with a just hope of one day attaining it. He had a noble soul; and in his mind were united many splendid qualities that had begun to show their worth. He was afflicted, however, with a constitutional melancholy, which gradually increased, and resisted every attempt at eradication. He cheerfully adopted most of the suggestions which I made, with the hope of alleviating his malady, and sometimes would for a while appear to be in excellent spirits; but there would always occur a disheartening relapse. I remember the night of his twentieth birth-day, the thirty-first of December, 18—, which we spent together in the quaint back-parlor, that he had made peculiarly his own. He said that day had been the gloomiest he had ever spent. He seemed very miserable, and his melancholy was too real to be

dispelled. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'I have out-lived my happiness. I am beginning to feel that I am not the master of my own fate. I shudder to think of the future.'

From that time it was my employment to try and dissipate these feelings, which were working my friend so much mischief. But my best success was equivocal.

Our conversations, during this period, were a curious blending of fact and fancy. We talked of spirits visible and invisible, of legend, superstition, history, the martyrs, of dreams and visions, of presentiments, the evil-eye, malignant supernatural agencies; in fine, of the heroic, the ghostly, and the devilish. It was Mark's choice. All these familiar chats were broken into fragments by interjectional fits of musing; and, on his part, I do not doubt, by silent struggles with the gloom that possessed him.

One night in the latter part of May, we sat in our old seat, for the first time in the season, enjoying as well as we could the scene that had so often delighted us. The moon was full, and in spite of a stillness and closeness in the air that was a little oppressive, it lent so much of its enchantment to the picture, that we lingered till it began to sink behind our 'monitor,' as we called the noblest of the hills. Each for a time relapsed into his own reflections. While I was idly glancing at the lights here and there gleaming from the base of the hill, I saw another, a little higher, suddenly shine out, as though some lonely hermit had risen to pray, and fain would see the cross that meant so much to him. It then occurred to me that an old half-witted Indian, whom I had occasionally seen wandering about, had a cave or hut somewhere in that vicinity, and I fell to musing on the man, and trying to imagine his mind and character. How long I was thus employed I know not, but I was recalled to myself by hearing the hurried breathing of Mark, which resembled a succession of sighs. His body was inclined forward, his head was extended, and his gaze was riveted on the light I have mentioned. I touched his arm, and as he turned his eyes away with an effort, I caught their glance, and could think of nothing but a fluttering, fascinated bird, there was something in it so wild and wondering, so troubled and bewildered. 'Let us go,' he said faintly. He walked faster than was his wont, occasionally glancing around at the light, and quickly turning his head again; talking the while in no very coherent way, or keeping silent for a long while together. After a quick 'good-night' at my father's gate, we separated.

The next morning, not very early, being desirous of seeing Mark, I stepped over, and learned from the decrepit servant that he was still a-bed. With the privilege conferred by intimacy, I went to his room to rouse him. The door was locked. I knocked and called re-

peatedly without effect. At last, with uncertain step, he came and admitted me. Heavens! how he had changed in one night! 'Why, Mark,' I exclaimed in alarm: 'what is the matter?' He had not undressed, and he looked pale, feeble, and haggard — ten years older, at the very least. More than that, it presently seemed as though his very nature were changed, and he was no longer Mark Beckwith. There was a prophet-like solemnity in his aspect, and I felt for the moment that a weird *something* had come between us, raising and hiding him from me and all the world.

'O my brother!' he exclaimed, reaching forth his arm. He seemed to call from afar; and there was so much of pathos in his tone and manner, such a yearning but despairing gush from his very heart, I felt my own melt within me. The scenes of the next few minutes do not call for words.

'I went to wandering, last night, after leaving you,' he said, as we were seated on his bed-side, 'and perhaps I wandered in mind as well as body.' Then he hesitated, and took my hand.

'I am so little myself,' he said sadly; 'so racked with what went through my head, so stunned, as it were, I never had so hearty a wish as that I now have, to lock myself up for a day or two, seeing no one, and trying to come back to my own identity. Will you indulge me?'

While he said these words, there was a smile on his face so wondrous sweet, I had been a brute to have opposed him. Again the apparition of the Indian maid sprang from his pale features; and as I left my transfigured friend, he looked more like an angel than a human being.

I could not help believing there was some sad mystery connected with his adventure, which he was not yet prepared to reveal to me; for I was convinced that no merely imaginary thing was sufficient to have wrought so fearful a transformation in him. I trusted that on our next meeting he would be less reticent.

Wishing to propose to Mark a jaunt into the country, which I thought could not fail to benefit him, I began to get impatient, as day after day he failed to make his appearance. It was a week before I saw him. He came in quietly, at night — the manner which was usual to him only charged with something higher, and his calm face wearing an expression of seriousness. After our unusually warm greetings were over, he proposed a walk. I gladly assented, though the night was dark and threatening; and soon, arm-in-arm, we were threading the quiet streets, through which the wind rushed with a moaning sound, much of the old feeling animating our conversation, and all recent events passed by, through a tacit mutual consent. We had

almost reached our favorite nook before we knew where we were straying.

'Let's go up,' said Mark. I was not the one to hesitate; so, feeling our way carefully, we were not long in reaching our old seat. The hills looked vast, dark, and gloomy. They frowned sullenly at the angry clouds, which grew blacker and more threatening as they approached. The roar of the river mingled with the hoarse, thundering voice of the wind. The darkness increased, and the faint flash of waves on the lake seemed like white, ghostly hands clutching at life.

Two such impressive creatures as we could not long successfully resist surroundings so stern and gloomy. We soon relapsed into silence. I had been a few moments gazing at the clouds, when, dropping my eyes toward the horizon, I saw, indistinctly defined against the sky, a human figure, apparently standing on the very edge of the precipice, with its face turned upward, and its hair streaming in the wind. Reaching out for Mark, I found he was gone; and fancying the figure might be his, I trembled with horror to think of his danger, and of the awful temptation that might have beset him to end his unhappy life. I was about rushing forward, when I heard the murmur of a voice employed in a solemn adjuration or petition, the nature of which, or to whom addressed, I was at a loss to fancy. The voice sounded strangely, and seemed to come from the person whose form I was observing. The tones grew more earnest as he proceeded; his frame seemed to expand and quiver; he seemed to plead, and held up his hands beseechingly, leaning forward till I thought he must surely fall, and be dashed in pieces. There was a pause, as though he listened, and then I heard these words:

'O God!'

There was more of agony in them than I had dreamed could find expression. The figure then receded into the darkness. Whether there had been a reply, or whether the unknown had construed a silence into a cold, un pitying negative, I never knew.

Mark after a while returned shivering, and complained of being cold; so, not without difficulty, we descended, and retraced our steps. I feared to speak of the mysterious figure, lest the truth should be as I had surmised. On taking his arm, I found his clothes were wet with perspiration. He was silent till we were about to separate.

'Would that I could go mad!' he said, seizing mine in both of his cold hands, and pressing it convulsively.

'Poor fellow,' I murmured, gazing after him: 'would that you were not already mad!'

Thinking it time I was bestirring myself, I went and had a long conversation concerning Mark's case with Dr. S——, who was not only a good physician, but a philosopher and man of excellent sense.

To my surprise, I had very little to communicate that was novel to him; for he had been as acute, though necessarily not so constant, an observer as myself. I felt gratified for the interest he betrayed in Mark.

'As for his melancholy,' said the Doctor, toward the conclusion of our interview, 'he will probably never be able wholly to overcome it. The constitutional tendency that way was sadly aggravated by the death of Alice B.—, to whom, you remember, he was attached. But have no fears for the integrity of such a mind. I am concerned to know the mystery you speak of, for I imagine it will give us the key to his late eccentricities. You must remember that I don't see Mark so often as formerly, and in a measure I am reasoning *à priori*; but my general knowledge of him and of mental phenomena bears me out in encouraging a faith in his sanity. Fate is *already* too unkind to him. You may see in our unhappy friend a realization of that terribly inexorable law which decrees that the 'sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children,' even down to remote generations.'

He thought so well of my plan for a change of scene, which could hardly fail to benefit Mark, that I determined to urge it on my friend the first time we should meet. I had an opportunity soon afterward. Though he was at first quite loth to take the trouble, he finally consented; and the next day we started on foot for a considerable tramp. The exercise, change of air, and the novelty of our way of life, seemed to materially benefit him for a day or two; but he soon began to pine for home, and, in spite of my arguments, we found ourselves back in less than a week. Two or three other attempts during the summer met with a like fortune.

Mark now spent much of his time alone, trying, as it seemed to me, to reason himself back to cheerfulness, or perhaps to avoid the observation of curious people, who would not fail to comment on the strangeness of his manners. His spirits, which were never lively, seemed at intervals to be profoundly saddened, and after every sad depression, to slowly struggle upward, but always with a feebler rebound, as though they must soon be engulfed in hopeless wretchedness. I could not fail to perceive that there was something in him — a saintly bravery, if I may so dare to term it — that kept his soul erect and grandly defiant of the harm which seemed to visit him. After every long seclusion, he would come forth looking like a king, with a stern and proud, though never happy face, having apparently for the moment triumphed over fate. But however his spirit might thus exult in its vitality, I could see that, unless there should shortly come a change, his poor racked frame must perish.

One evening in October, finding the weather very inviting, I lit a segar, and went out for a stroll. It was warmer than is usual at that

season, and a slight haze in the air gave the effect of Indian summer. I had never missed Mark so much before. I sensibly aggravated the feeling, by visiting nearly every spot that could remind me of him. The moon was full, and in other respects the night resembled the one in May, when I found him so unaccountably influenced by the light. It was burning again. I thought I would ascertain, by continued observation, whether there was any thing peculiar in the light. My fancy began to play odd pranks with it. Now it was a great burning gem, placed there to tempt unwary travellers. Then I perceived it could be none other than the entrance to the vast interior of the mountain, in which fiends and all unholy spirits congregated nightly. Presently it was, after all, a great eye, staring upon the way-farer, and greedily drawing him to it; as though the hill were a huge, devouring serpent, that sought its prey at night, and had naught to do but lie still, and catch the victim's glance, when the poor thing must from that moment look, and look, and draw insensibly nearer, at last dropping into the very jaws of the insatiate monster.

I almost believed the light had fascinated *me*; as I turned from it with reluctance, to see who had passed me, having heard rapid foot-steps behind. It was Mark! He could not have noticed me, as he appeared absorbed in his own thoughts. He turned down the street that led across the bridge. Remembering the lateness of the hour, and the character of that part of the town, I did not feel willing to let him go alone where I would hardly have ventured myself; and besides, considering the frame I was in, it was not strange I should have connected his adventure with the sad mystery which had lately enveloped his existence; consequently there were two reasons, either of which, as I had his happiness at heart, I believed would justify me in following him. On reaching the other side, he turned sharply to to the left, and followed the course of the river. By-and-by, glancing northward, I caught a glimpse of our little eyrie: how I wished we were sitting there! Suddenly he turned to the right, and began to ascend a steep path through the trees and bushes. Presently, following the sound of his foot-steps, I emerged upon an open space, and saw Mark, across it, just entering the door of a cave or humble hut, that seemed a part of the mountain itself. Perhaps the cause lay in my fancy, but it seemed to me I had never been in so still a spot. I heard nothing whatever, not even a cricket. A spell appeared to be on every object. The moon was nearly down, and nothing was distinct; but the darkest portion of the prospect was the entrance of the cave. With a little dread, but no hesitation, I approached and passed the portals. If every thing was quiet without, here was a stillness that was appalling. At first I saw nothing, but soon was able to discern in front of me a low passage-way, toward which I was

advancing, when, glancing aside, my eyes encountered two other eyes fixed on them with a cold, deliberate, stony stare, in which was neither hate nor love, but something I found more potent; and there I stood, whether I would or no. It was an aboriginal figure, leaning, or rather crouching, against the wall, the features indistinct, but apparently those of the Indian I have mentioned. I derived no strength or comfort, however, from the recollection of having seen the face before.

My imagination was powerfully quickened by the strangeness of my surroundings; and I was a long while travelling with Mark through a realm of darkness and terror, and into the presence of ultra-human and malevolent shapes. Suddenly the lids drooped over those passionless eyes, and presently the foot-steps of my friend, very slow and feeble, broke the awful silence. I hastened out, and stepped behind a tree, till he could pass. As he went by I saw his face, and was startled at its ghastly pallor. 'Can this be a delusion?' I said to myself: 'is it not rather a solemn reality? On what maniac's features were ever found such traces of fearful pain?' Repressing a wish to sustain and comfort my poor friend, lest the shock of discovering me should prove too much, I followed him home at a distance, and saw him safe at his own door.

I looked on the cave as an unholy spot, where no good could come to my friend, and in which he was not really his own master. I dimly perceived a connection between its mysterious influences and his prevailing mood. Considering his delicate health and constant unhappiness, which every such experience must fatally aggravate, it seemed that the time was come for a vigorous opposing effort of his will, and a determined shunning of the place, and every thought connected with it.

I sought him the next day, and found him seated in a large arm-chair, looking languid and haggard. He seemed very glad to see me. His appearance affording ample pretext, I at once broached the subject of my errand; told him I had been near him the previous night; spoke of my fears for his health, which I thought must receive irreparable injury from such experiences, and ended with beseeching him earnestly to rouse himself, and, if baleful influences were at work, to resist them, by means of new excitements, and a persistent change of scene.

He allowed me to conclude, and then began as follows, in a voice that was very solemn, yet sad and touching:

'If I could once have done so, Paul, my fate would have pursued me, even to the ends of the earth. No: I am doomed! Here I must stay; and here, where I have always lived, I must shortly die: I must leave *you*, Paul, and all the things we love. I have much to

tell you, and I would have told it before, only that I could not make up my mind to grieve you. The time has come now, and you shall soon know all.

‘You have thought my mind affected. I have not been mad for a single moment: no such blessed relief has visited me. I have long felt that my fate is not in my own hands, and that I am but an instrument turned to a grave and solemn purpose. I have found in it the key to the melancholy through which I suffered until my last birth-day, without comprehending it. From that time, I have seen with clearer eyes, especially since the night in May, when you found me influenced by that mystic light on the mountain-side.

‘That night,’ pursued my friend, solemnly and in an under-tone, ‘I went to the cave, drawn thither by an influence I could not resist. I felt all that you describe, and a thousand-fold more, considering that I was alone, and under some awful influence, the might of which had but just begun to be exerted. You know I am not a coward; but my knees smote together as I entered the cave, for I had a presentiment that in that horrid stillness and seclusion there was something more to fear than a mere physical attack. Advancing inward, it presently seemed to me I was in a vast interior expanse — a realm of silence, profoundly dark. I stood a little while, filled with awe and wonder and tremulous expectancy; and then a voice, not of earth, every tone of which chilled my very heart, came from the air, to tell me of my doom. It was the chief, whose murdered daughter’s blood flows in my veins, speaking for himself and all the injured dead of his innumerable race. He spoke, too, for the unhappy ones whom my ancestor burned and persecuted.

‘He said, the red man never forgives. His people had waited long for the sacrifice. They had been patient. They would wait no longer. The tortured pale-face, too, was asking: ‘Where is Justice, and why stays its arm? Where is the persecutor? Let his crimes be washed out in the blood of his descendant!’ The time had come. There must be an atonement. From my very birth he had chosen *me*. In me was the blood of an enemy and the spirit of a brave! Thrice he had read me, and he was satisfied. Seven times the full moon would look on me with pity; seven times my soul must be the sport of the young braves and the prey of angry spirits; then the crimes of the pale-face would be covered up, and the red man would call him brother.

‘How my heart sank at those fearful words! What tumults stirred my breast! The awful sentence was pronounced, and I felt that there could be no appeal from it. The reality of it all was forced upon me in a thousand ways. I perceived that my fate had truly been preparing for years. My very dreams had been tinged with it. The year my mother and my sainted sister Angela died — I was then

seven — I remembered being frightened by the sudden apparition of an Indian, who stood before me one afternoon on the side-walk and looked into my eyes as though he would pierce me through. At what moment he left me, or how he disappeared, I know not; but I have never forgotten him. When I was fourteen my father died. That very year I again encountered those fearful eyes, in broad day-light, in the street, and again was quite unaware whence their owner came or whither he went. The *man* was the same whom you saw in the cave; but the searching spirit was not his. It was the chief's. He had indeed read me. Those things flashed on me in that fearful moment, and helped me to feel that my race was run. Even then I felt rising within me a spirit of resistance — a strange hardihood or irrational courage, doubtless born of despair — that made me secretly exult, and defy all the evil in the universe!

'A momentary stupor seized my senses, and then a sharp, fierce pang shot through me, like dying suddenly. A buoyant feeling succeeded, and a sensation of cold, which one might feel were he thrust out of doors, naked, in winter. Then, without a rush of air, I seemed to move with great rapidity, and I feared I should be dashed in pieces. But the stillness, darkness, and vastness of the place seemed to thrust themselves upon me, and I presently forgot that danger in the conception of others more remote. At length I heard two sounds, far off, high but not piercing — two faint notes half-a-tone apart, the higher followed immediately by the other, and then the horrible silence, which was again and again broken, I might rather say intensified, by the same pathetic interjection. You cannot realize the potency of this simple machinery against one so situated.* In a short time, such was the melancholy it inspired in me, I could have welcomed death. I felt intensely lonely, and forever divorced from the things I loved. Now my heart leaped to hear my mother's voice, distant, soft, and ravishingly sweet. It made a child of me. A mighty yearning seized me to be near her and to know what she was saying; but the voice grew fainter and fainter, taking my hopes with it; and just as it ceased those two weird notes stole from the distance and seemed to say: 'Never! never! never!' Oh! the terrible sadness of that hour!'

Mark's voice here trembled with feeling, and there was a melting pathos in his manner. I thought him about to desist, but he continued the narrative:

'Then a majestic sound, low and solemn, welled from some measureless depth, like a great sigh of earth, bringing me a thousand cries, faint as whispers, of men in agony, and children fleeing from some monster, and young girls about to be ravished. It agonized me to

* THEY who watch for orchestral effects in an opera, and have heard '*Il Trovatore*,' will remember one scene, in which VERDI makes much of a similar idea.

know that there was Angela, and Alice, my own love! From another quarter came fierce curses; and with all, I heard the rushing of a mighty wind and the steady roar of flames. Then a pale, despairing face, turned partially away, glided by like a phosphoric meteor, with the crazed eyes bent on me. I thought the parting look was one of pity: and then I felt a dread to which I had before been a stranger. Now a very old man, with white hair flowing over his bent shoulders, went slowly past, with his eyes fixed on the ground. You may see his picture on the wall there, for it was my grandfather. He was talking to himself, and I caught this fearful sentence: 'There is nothing but evil!' Again all was silence. Then a cold, solemn voice thrilled me with the words: 'Prepare for the woes to come!'

'A fiery dart suddenly leaped from the darkness, like a thought, and pierced me. I had never known *pain* till that moment! The agony was so unexpected and so exquisite, I think I must have been bewildered by it; for a sudden shock, like being thrown violently against some solid object, aroused me as though from a dream. I was free. I looked around and espied a faint glimmer of light. Feeling weak and faint, and very cold, I sank on my knees and crawled shuddering toward it. I found it to proceed from the passage-way by which I had entered. How eagerly I pressed through! The sight of the village, sleeping in the star-light, was heaven to me! I threw out my arms as though to embrace it. The night-breeze and my revived spirits gave me a little strength, and I managed to get home at last. I could have kissed the very stones of the bridge as I crossed, they looked so friendly and sympathetic.'

Mark now showed some symptoms of fatigue, and I suggested that he should rest awhile, and postpone the remainder of the narrative to some other occasion.

'No,' he replied, 'I will go on as far as I can, for I must tell you now or never. It is like another torture even to think of what I have gone through. Sometimes it is only a horrid, confused, bloody panorama, or a frightful dream.'

'I have tried to give you some idea of my first night in the cave, which seemed to be a kind of introduction to the drama. Five other times I have gone to that dreadful place of silence, and suffered in heart and spirit such agonies as men never dream of. All that is mysterious and terrible, all that is cruel, fiendish, pitiless, has been heaped on me. They have tempted me with my father, with Angela, Alice, with my mother! 'There is no virtue, no goodness, no truth, no God!' they said; and when I stood firm as a rock, and gave them all up, when I defied and mocked my persecutors, then those Indian demons howled, and the hellish witches hissed, they spit at me, they hurled their arrows tipped with fire, and the irmurderous hatchets?

their fires burned fiercely, and the red-hot chains did not spare me : but the blood of their bravest was in my veins ! It was my soul they thirsted for ; but a true soul can never be conquered !'

During the utterance of these impassioned words, he had gradually approached a state of wild enthusiasm, which at last shot from his fiery eyes and imparted eloquence to his tone and manner. On their conclusion, however, he sank back in his chair quite exhausted, and soon after I left him to his repose.

I was not only much affected with Mark's story, but also greatly staggered and bewildered. I was as certain of the phenomena as though I had been myself a witness ; but in *what sense* they were true, I was at a loss to conjecture. I would not think them merely maniacal ravings ; they were scarcely fantasies of dreams ; and least of all could I give intellectual credence to his account in a purely literal sense, for his body bore no marks of maiming or wounding, however plain were the proofs of suffering. Had he been 'out of the body,' to use the language of St. Paul ? The idea seemed too daring. I have since been of the opinion, without an intimate acquaintance with the faith of either, that the spiritualists would have claimed my friend, or perhaps the Swedenborgians : the former taking their hints from some of the phenomena, and the latter from his character. My own theory and belief I do not care to divulge. I know that he suffered. The words of Dr. S—— often occur to me : 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the heads of the children, even down to remote generations.' It is the old command. In many a quiet spot in New-England and New-York may be found men who are reaping in the whirlwind what their fathers sowed in the wind. This is no fancy. I hope the digression may be pardoned.

I went the next day and proposed to Mark another ramble in the country. In the course of the conversation I broached some of the speculations embraced in the preceding paragraph, and confessed myself quite at a loss to frame a rational theory on which to explain the mystery of his sufferings ; the absence, on his body, of physical indications of torture, seeming to preclude the taking his account in a strictly literal sense.

'If you could see me in the spirit,' he said, employing language that sounded strangely, 'you might satisfy yourself, as did the unbelieving Thomas. No, Paul, I have not dreamed ; I have had no visions. It is all *real* ! I will go with you, for I need the change ; but I must return before the next full moon : I am not the man to fly at last, after almost winning the battle ! Beside, I have told you it would do no good.'

We rambled about for a few days, and I am sure very thoroughly appreciated the charms of a more than commonly perfect Indian Sum-

mer ; but we were no company for each other. I did not quarrel with Mark for giving Nature the preference : she was an older and better friend. He needed her more than me.

After our return, I did not see him again till the night of the second of December. It was the time for his last great trial ! I was thinking of him and of the terrible experience he had reason to fear, when he suddenly entered. There was never a braver look on a gentler face. Whatever the fate of his adventure, he seemed to have considered it and prepared for it. He was evidently touched with the joy I exhibited on seeing him, and his serious features were at once suffused with tenderness. I cannot tell why, but I dared scarcely take his hand. It was icy cold. His voice was wondrously sweet, and a mournful beauty sat in his lustrous eyes. By-and-by he said, smiling sadly : ' Shall we go and sit in our old place ? ' How often since have I seen him in dreams, as he looked at that moment !

Earth was in her most melancholy garb. The full moon looked sad and weary, and the wind mourned past us, now and then bringing a dead leaf to our feet, as though it had no worthier or more appropriate gift. We sat a long while in our favorite seat, but had not much to say to each other.

' We shall hardly want to come again before spring, shall we, Mark ? ' said I, after a pause.

' This is our last visit, Paul,' he replied. I was about to express a cheerfuller hope, when I caught the blazing eye of the earth-monster, fixed on us greedily.

' There was no need,' my friend said, gazing at it sadly ; ' let us go.'

We were directly on our way. At the corner where we were to turn down toward the bridge, Mark paused, surveyed the hills before him, and the surrounding scenery, and then, drawing a long breath, he took my arm and exclaimed, with touching pathos : ' I love earth too well.'

We reached the cave in silence. The same weird influences seemed to reside in the spot, but this time they inspired in me more of melancholy than terror. My concern for Mark made me forget all else ; even that dusky embodiment of power and mystery, whose rayless eyes had formerly fascinated me, sank into insignificance. How gladly, even then, would I have persuaded him to return. But I felt that it was too late.

' Stay here ! ' said he, in a low voice, as we reached the centre of the ante-chamber. Then, advancing firmly to the low passage-way, he uncovered his head and disappeared.

Left to myself, I found my unbelief rapidly oozing away, and my conception of the horrors to which Mark was advancing growing proportionally vivid. All that he had told now recurred to me ; and my

quicken'd fancy matched those pains and trials with a thousand others equally poignant. Now he stood in the midst of howling fiends, all thirsting for his blood, defiance sitting on his marble features; and now he lay faint, torn, and bleeding, but unconquered still. Now the earnest, solemn voice of some loved one would tempt him, to his soul's peril; and now a distant shriek would seem to agonize him. Loathsome, horrid shapes would visit him; unholy spells would bewilder him and make him doubt his very identity.

Sick at heart, I was beginning to despair of ever seeing him again, when a low groan reached me from the interior. In spite of those staring eyes, I rushed to the passage-way, and in a moment, guided by instinct, scarcely knowing how, I had seized the prostrate form of my friend and borne it into the air.

'HEAVEN be praised! — he is alive!' I cried, as watching his face I saw his eye-lids tremble. The spell was gone! The voice of a cricket, singing near us, made my heart leap for joy, for I hailed it as a token of peace.

'It is over, Paul!' said Mark, at length reviving.

'Thank God!' I fervently ejaculated.

'I cried to HIM out of the depths, and HE heard me!' he added solemnly.

When we reached the house, I carried him up to his own room, and laying him softly down, I kissed his lifeless face and stole out reverently.

Finding him failing gradually, I had a room prepared near his, and remained in the house. One morning I went in to him early and found him reading. A beautiful light came into his eyes, and every trace of unhappiness appeared forever gone from his face.

'Hear this,' he said, motioning me to sit at the foot of the bed; and then he read as follows, with a voice not strong but full of emotion, which perceptibly increased at one or two passages:

'I am well pleased that the LORD hath heard the voice of my prayer;

'That HE hath inclined HIS ear unto me; therefore will I call upon HIM as long as I live.

'The *snares of death* compassed me round about, and the *pains of hell* gat hold upon me.

'I shall find trouble and heaviness, and I will call upon the name of the LORD; *O Lord! I beseech Thee, deliver my soul!*

'Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

'The LORD preserveth the simple: I was in misery and HE helped me.

'Turn again then unto thy rest, O my soul! for the LORD hath rewarded thee.

‘And why? *Thou hast delivered my soul from death*, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.’

He laid down the book. Tears were in his eyes, eloquent of joy and peace. Answering tears sprang to my own, as he held out his thin white hand; and embracing him tenderly, I left him with his thoughts.

He lingered a few days longer, and then his noble soul went to its own place. It was his twenty-first birth-day, at mid-night, the last of the year; and without, the full moon was shining on the snow.

‘Let me see it!’ he said, gazing toward the window. The good physician drew aside the curtains. How lovingly it looked upon us! At his request, I raised him up; and after a little pause, he turned to me and whispered:

‘You will sometimes go to our seat, Paul?’ I pressed his hand; and then, faintly murmuring, ‘Good-by, Paul!’ he laid his head on my shoulder, and so he died.

THE BURDEN OF A SIGH.

What a world of bitter waiting,
What a world of tender greeting,
It could tell!

What prayer, and fear, and sorrow,
What longing for the morrow,
It could tell!

What griefs, and hearts most broken,
What love and grief unspoken,
It could tell!

What misery and wretchedness,
What longing for true blessedness,
It could tell!

What triumph and what failing,
What brightening and what paling,
It could tell!

What deep font of recollection
Beyond humanity’s expression
It could tell!

Of the long-forgotten pleasure,
Of the heart’s securest treasure,
It could tell

W. M. W.

WILL YOU DINE WITH ME?

BEING THE LONGEST INVITATION UPON RECORD.

THE shortest being the 'Chops and Tomato-Sauce' of the great Pickwick Oyer, and the finest the twentieth sonnet of Milton:

'LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,'

And proximate to that, the twenty-first:

'CYRILAC, whose grandsire on the royal bench,'

and the most meritorious for precision a note, in 1756, from Warburton to Hurd, asking him to come to Bedford Row, 'where a college preparation shall be made for you; that is to say, a bed, a dish of tea, and a piece of mutton, while you stay with us.' Although there are others which are notable, like that which Ferdinand was accustomed to proffer to the Grand Admiral Henriquez: 'Stop and dine with us; we are to have a chicken for dinner to-day.' Not to forget Kit Marlowe's 'Smooth Song':

'THE silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me;'

or that roistering solicitation of the student in 'Faust': 'Come up to Burgdorf!—there you are sure to find good cheer: the handsomest girls, and the best of beer; and 'rows,' too, of the very first water.' Nor must we pass over, though it express not indeed the preliminary summons, that excellent incitement in Heywood and Broome's 'Late Lancashire Witches':

'GENTLEMEN, welcome! 't is a word I use;
From me expect no further compliment.
Nor shall you find,
Being set at meat, that I'll excuse your fare,
Or say, I am sorry it falls out so poor;
And had I known your coming, we'd have had
Such things and such; nor blame my cook to say
This dish or that hath not been served with care,
Words fitting best a common hostess' mouth
When there's perhaps some just cause of dislike,
But not the table of a gentleman.'

The quotation is a long one, but for my own part, I think it should be engraved upon all modern trenchers and tankards capable of receiving it without abridgment. There was a neat courtesy exhibited by Sir John Leach when he asked Lord Eldon to dine upon some grand occasion, and begged to be informed if there was any dish his lordship had a fancy for; when the Chancellor, like the son of a New-

castle collier, replied: 'Liver and bacon.' Some body gives an account of a Sheik of the Lebanon, who placed before one of his European guests, for his sole consumption, a kid roasted whole, with the quiet remark, that 'having observed on a former occasion that God had blessed our hakim with a good appetite, this dish had been provided especially for him.' The Sheik was perfectly serious; and I confess that I have often thought of him with feelings of reverence when seated at the well-regulated board of my prudent friend, Mrs. McUdor. I have no doubt of the fact that strawberries, for instance, do not agree with the small McUdors; and that this interesting fact alone, and not the ruling price, occasioned their exclusion from the scene of festive enjoyment. Still, would it not have been well to have purchased a few for the adults, and thus to have given the minors a lesson of self-denial! I suspect that I should find this view of the case ably sustained in Miss Edgeworth's excellent Treatise on Practical Education, could I but summon courage to read that admirable work. I have no reason to deny that early diet may affect even the juvenile morality. All I have to say is, that George the Fourth was nurtured upon the royal turnips and mutton-chops of Kew. But as I wish to create no doubts in the maternal bosom, I say no more.

I know that it is not well-bred to leave the house of a friend, and afterward to speak ill of his larder, kitchen, or cellar. It is what no one should do and what every one does. How can you refrain? If the dinner were finished when it were finished, then it were well, it were finished quickly. Unfortunately, it is not so. Are there not the mental agonies of disappointment? are there not the physical pangs? are you not bereaved of the raptures of reminiscence? Do not tell me that wise men never think of these things! I know better. Lord Eldon was esteemed a tolerably wise man in his day; and on the twenty-fourth of June, 1824, Lord Eldon dined^{*} with the Duke of Wellington, and dined badly. 'Did not get there,' says his Lordship, 'till past eight — all the turtle gone, alas! Ditto all the fish! Very splendid; not comfortable; open window on my left side — got a cold thereby.' How many poor creatures in Chancery, do you suppose, the cold dinner at the Duke's disappointed? Then notice, if you please in fine, sun-shiny contrast with the Chancellor's growl, the genial confession of Sidney Smith: 'I shall not easily forget a matelote at the Rocher de Concale, an almond tart at Montreuil, or a *poulet a la Tartare* at Grignon's. These are impressions not to be obliterated.' Then there is the criticism of a dinner, by Samuel Johnson, (who only a few years before, in writing to old Cave, had subscribed himself, 'Yours, *Impransus*,') who said, 'That was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ask a man to;' in which remark I venture to say there is infinitely more philosophical

acumen than in the Doctor's disquisitions upon Shakspeare. All diaries — the honestest species of writing — are Diaries of Dinner. The three meals of the day are the events of the day from milky babyhood to the time when a man must cry with Barzillai: 'I am eighty years old. Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink?' I once thought to count the dinners in Tom Moore's *Life and Correspondence*, but my arithmetical powers are limited, and I gave over the task.

So it is with Political Economy. To be poor, means not to have enough to eat; to be rich, to have more than enough. PROVIDENCE smiles upon the crop, and my Lord Fitzfool stays in; a vile fly ravages the corn, and my Lord goes out. What is there for a poor man to do but to die? Malthus said it long ago. 'A man,' he declares, 'who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, on whom he has a just demand, and if the society does not want his labor, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and in fact, has no business to be where he is. At Nature's mighty feast there is no cover for him. She tells him to begone, and will quickly execute her own orders, if he do not work upon the compassion of some of her guests.' When there is a bit of meat in every man's pot, and a loaf of bread in every man's oven, all goes well. But when Ceres is cruel, the happiest land is transmogrified, and in every smiling valley, and on every softly swelling hill, all is, as at the breaking up of Goldsmith's club, 'dam — blood — fire — whizz — blid — tit — rat — trip — riot — nonsense and rapid confusion.' 'I know why you come here,' said Jean Jacques Rousseau when some one visited his cottage; 'it is to see how little there is in the pot. Well, look in the pot.' And I suppose he took off the cover cynically. Alas! had there been more and better in the pot, Blacksmith Louis might have made locks at Versailles to the last; fish-women might not have stuffed grass into the dead mouth of that poor Fermier-General; there might have been no Napoleon the First, and (oh! happy consequence!) no Napoleon the Third. Given Pat with potatoes; and how many English statesmen would have been saved from endless and empty management, from make-shift and mischievous meddling, from an exhibition, alas! too common in this world, weary of its own inanities — an exhibition of fatuity exalted and of selfishness in authority! Given Pat with potatoes, and what Vinegar Hill battles, contributions of rent, bad lyrics, worse speeches, and hopeless, pitiable, floundering failures, should we have escaped! Alas! no Act of Parliament ever did or can legislate potatoes into any human stomach, when in all the land no potatoes were, or are, either for love or lucre, to be had. 'A belly-full!' is the eternal shibboleth of all statesmanship. Down through vistas of history

comes the resounding cry of 'Victual!' Over the clangor of hostile steel, and the reverberations of artillery and polyglot slogans of defiance, and the babblement of senates and synods; from the city and from the hamlet; from lands that the high sun wastes and from lands that a low sun leaves to stiffen in unchanging sterility; from the terribly refined to the terribly rude; from master and from bondman; from hideous masses of humanity writhing like vipers in a pot, and from dwellers in lone places and mountainous solitudes; from besieged cities full of wailing mothers, and from haunts of hunger where a sightless foe stretches the inexorable cordons of barrenness; from storm-stricken ships weltering at will; from prisons in which strong men waste day by day in the arms of starvation; in all these times, from all these scenes, from all these empty mouths, comes Nature's primal cry for food! Man is ever the same prodigal, ever wasting or wanting, be he dandy dawdling over his breakfast at the club, or rooty and smeared Esquimaux filling himself with blubber to distention.

Indeed, between this same polar gormandizer and a certain notable person called Louis the Fourteenth, I find a kind of essential resemblance and human link. Our Hyperborean friend cannot, as it appears, content himself, in plenteous seasons, with less than five pounds of blubber at a sitting, and must have ten pounds for his *per diem*, the magnitude of which fact will become more evident to the reader, if he will remember that Cornaro, the noble proto-Grahamite of Venice, allowed himself for many years only one pound of food daily. The Esquimaux, as I learn from Captain Parry, 'becomes distended, and suffers considerable pain.' We will leave him in disgust, and seek relief at Versailles.

Madame de Baviere affirms that she saw Louis the Fourteenth, at a sitting, 'eat four dishes of different soups, an entire pheasant, a partridge, a great plateful of salad, mutton hashed in its own gravy with garlic, two good pieces of ham, a plate of pastry, with fruit and comfits.' This, I think, surpasses even the trencher triumphs of Clodius Allinus, who ate for his breakfast five hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten melons, one hundred beccaficoes, and four hundred oysters. Poor Madame de Maintenon, who had the care of her royal husband's soul and stomach, mourns: 'Nothing but the extraordinary health and strength of the King could be a consolation for the manner in which he treats those he best loves. If he made me eat half as much as he eats himself, I should not be long alive.' Afterward, she writes, still in trouble: 'The King eats as much as ever, especially at night, which makes me tremble.' Our poor Esquimaux should have come to Paris and turned courtier.

From gilded galleries to Grub-street may be a violent transition,

but the good-nature of my reader, unless, indeed, he long ago, provoked by my lucubrations, threw down his *KNICKERBOCKER* and went off to dinner—must bridge the gap. Poets have jibed with sad hearts, I fear, in all times, at their own poverty. The world would never have known so much of it, if they had not most unfraternally betrayed each other's squalid secrets. With the quarrel—and when have not men of letters quarrelled?—always came the cruel charge, from either side, of beggary. It would seem to be the most trenchant thing a poet can say of his enemy, that he does not have enough to eat. Thus Landor, in sheer scorn, offered 'a hot penny-roll and a pint of stout for breakfast to any critic who could write one of his imaginary conversations.' There is a touching passage in Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, very suggestive of his goodness of heart and of his own bitter experience. 'Some men,' he says, 'who have long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered a happy escape from famine, are known at last to die of a disorder caused by hunger, but which in common language is often called a broken heart. Some of these I have known myself, when very little able to relieve them.' Better days have come than those of 'witty want.' Poets who can passably sing, need not now want some

'AXYLUS, hospitable, kind and good,'

to entertain them for their strumming, 'some Holland House,' as Byron sings,

'WHERE Scotchmen feed and critics may carouse,'

reminding us, in a modern way, of that Phæacian Feast of Homer, when Demodocus was placed by Pontonius 'on a seat with silver knobs, in the midst of the banqueters, with his back against the tall central pillar; and the herald hung from the peg the high-toned lyre above his head, and signified that he should take it in his hands; and he placed beside him a basket and fair table, and wine, beside the repast, to drink of whenever his spirit urged him.'

But before we conclude our dinner, good gentlemen, it is but fair, I think, that we remember the cooks. We have, indeed, reverend authority for so doing. The excellent Dr. Isaac Watts, who was the best of men, and led the most comfortable of lives, did not disdain, pausing from that sacred singing which generation has since caught from generation, and which will subside into silence only when our English language subsides into eternal silence; he did not disdain, I say, to celebrate a cook—she, probably, who cared for his wants and ministered to an appetite which was always delicate. Here is his little offering:

'THE cook, who in her humble post,
Provides the family with food,
Excels those empty dames that boast
Of charms and lovers, birth and blood.'

And it is true, every word of it, good Dr. Watts! We beg your pardon, O pious shade! but we are now about to mention Theresa, cook and mistress of one J. J. Rousseau, and perhaps you had better leave the room. 'Of Theresa,' says Lord Brougham, 'the Comte d'Eschery speaks with constant scorn and dislike, as of a most silly, vulgar, and mischievous person, having only the one accomplishment of being a very good cook. But Rousseau never suffered her to sit at table.' And the more shame to him, say I, the crazy, vain, selfish monster! to drive her from the meal she had prepared — she the con-coctor of his savory messes and the mother of his children! He should have been compelled

'To eat the pudding that he made himself.'

Montaigne had an admirable cook, and an admirable description he has left of him. There are some verses by Shenstone, very coarse and different from his usual silken style, upon his cook, but we cannot quote them. Of a very old cook, or rather of his shade, the voracious Captain Lemuel Gulliver has given us an account in the voyage to Laputa. 'I prevailed,' he says, 'upon the Governor to call up Heliogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner; but he could not show us much of his skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.' I think that Mary may now be dismissed.

But I fancy I hear some impatient person exclaiming in a pet: Pray, what would the man be at? He began by asking us to dinner; he has been talking as if it were on the table before us; and yet, with all our eyes and all our appetite, not a morsel can we discover.' Restrain yourself, my friend! Mortify your carnal man! Learn philosophy, and cultivate your intellect! I value little that man's friendship; I think I may say that my friend KNICKERBOCKER values even less than I do that man's friendship — you are to understand that we have now had, figuratively speaking, six bottles a piece or so — and I say, I value very little any body's friendship, who cannot dine, and I will go farther and I will say breakfast, so to speak (cheers) upon what I may call, if my venerable friend KNICKERBOCKER (cheers) will permit — I see that my esteemed friend KNICKERBOCKER (cheers) permits — who cannot make three meals a day, or even four, or even two, or I will go farther, and say one on the most inferior article; if I may be allowed such a superlatively silly, and I may say, ridiculous

expression, that ever appeared in the pages of *THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE*. (Immense and prolonged cheering.)

Hillo! where are we?

Absolutely, my friend, I do not know. All I know is, that, as D'Alembert was wont to relate, Madame and Mon. Dacier once cooked a dish in concert by a receipt found in Apicius, and both sat down and ate of the same till both were very sick.

Really, they were a very pretty pair of Grecians, but I hope our ragout will not prove to be like theirs.

THE VILLAGE TREES.

THE village rests beneath the trees
That stretch their arms in air,
For peace and love to light those homes,
Forever stretched in prayer.

When birds begin to lift their wings,
And when the robin sings,
The buds unfold their tender leaves,
Like soft and fluttering wings.

In autumn yellow flame leaps up,
And plays among the trees;
And crimson banners float their folds
Upon the scented breeze.

Our hearts are hushed when we recall
That dark Passover-night,
When humble hut and haughty hall
Confessed the Angel's might.

We read no print of angel-foot
Was seen around the door,
Whose posts were stained with drops of blood,
As if they roses bore.

And now the trees, that clasp and arch
The village like a door,
Are red, as if with sprinkled blood:
Are angels passing o'er?

And so, in soft and sweet spring-showers,
Through autumn's balmy airs,
With broad uncovered heads the trees
Are ever at their prayers.

Portsmouth, (N. H.)

E. A. R.

THE 'GREAT EASTERN.'

SEEKING A BED UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MY DEAR SMITH: Every body has been writing his experience on the 'Great Eastern,' during her famous Cape-May trip: I now propose to write you mine; and though rather late in the day, you shall admit it is not without interest — certainly not without incident.

When I reached the deck of the 'Leviathan,' at her moorings in the Hudson, (which I did with no little peril,) I commenced a search for the state-room in which I had secured a berth for my better-half. I was loaded down with a large carpet-bag, crammed with my wife's crinolines and other *et ceteras* for travelling, my own more modest outfit, a good supply of sandwiches, cakes, lemons, oranges, etc., to be used in case of need, (which, by the way turned out a most capital investment,) opera-glass, sketch-book, etc., etc. Beside the said carpet-bag and contents, I carried a cane, umbrella, over-coat, and two shawls; so that, for a confirmed invalid, as you know me to be, and considering that the weather was intensely hot, and the saloons still hotter, I was not prepared to make a very long journey in search of the aforesaid state-room. I presented my ticket to the first man I saw having any connection with the ship, and asked to be shown to state-room No. 12. The answer was: 'The state-rooms are all along the sides of the ship: that is all I can tell you.' I asked another, and a third, with no better success; and then I went on an exploring expedition by myself, still carrying on my arm the articles aforesaid, winding my way through dark and intricate passages, ascending one flight of steps, descending another, and so on, alternately, from stem to stern of the ship, examining the numbers on the doors, and finding any but the one I was seeking; stumbling upon strange, dark, mysterious-looking rooms — some used for sleeping, and some for quite different purposes — and still without success. Again I resorted to inquiry, but with no better result than before. I was directed from one to another, but nobody seemed to know any thing about the matter. They say the Big Ship is one-eighth of a mile in length. If this be so, then I must have travelled at least two miles in pursuit of this state-room, still bearing my burden; for I dared not put it down, for fear it would be spirited away, or that I should never be able to find again the place where I should leave it. Just as I was about to give up the search, chance directed me to a narrow passage, running out of the 'Grand Saloon,' crossed by another at right-angles, and at the extremity of the last I found the long-sought

No. 12 over the door. I opened it, and entered a dark, dungeon-looking apartment, lighted at one end by the side-wheel, and at the other by the interior of the ship, just sufficient to make the darkness of the room visible. I was glad, however, to get a chance to lay down my load, and then I started to find my wife. This was no easy task, for I had wandered so far 'up-stairs and down-stairs, and in the ladies' chamber,' and had turned and twisted and doubled so often, that I did not know where I was, or where I had left her. At length, however, I found her, and she gave me her blessing (over the left) for having abandoned her so long, sandwiched, as she was, on the only accessible seat, between an aged Israelite and a son of the Emerald Isle. An explanation soon pacified her, and without much further difficulty, I led her to her state-room. Here we found other distressed individuals, seeking berths, and not finding them; but we could offer them no consolation. By this time, it became necessary that we should take refreshments, for fatigue and hunger are not favorable to enjoyment, even on pleasure-excursions; so we went to one of the dining-saloons, which we found crowded with hungry passengers, clamorous for food and drink, and savage at the delay in getting them. With much difficulty we obtained seats, fee'd a waiter, lost him, fee'd another with like success, then applied to the carver, near whom we had fortunately taken our seats, and, as a special favor, that gentleman handed us a cold chicken and some bread and butter. The chicken was old and tough enough to have been hatched before the Flood; but we managed to chew a little of it, thought of the stories we had read of men chewing their moccasins, and were thankful that our 'lines had been cast in such pleasant places.' We vociferated for ice-water till hoarse, without getting it, but a small fee finally brought us a pitcher full. It was however snatched away from us, almost before we had tasted the cooling draught. Our repast over, we ascended to the deck, but there was no chance to sit down, what few seats there were being already occupied; so I posted off down-stairs again, robbed the dining-saloon of two very heavy English chairs, which I lugged up, and, by careful watching, placed by my wife before they also should be snatched away. I had to repeat this process at least twenty times during the trip, never, by any chance, finding a vacant seat on the deck.

In the evening we again sought refreshments, and under greater difficulties than before. The saloons were more crowded, the waiters more impudent and exacting. I found a seat for my wife, but none for myself. I then went to the stand, at one end of the saloon, where they furnished coffee, procured a cup, and holding it aloft over the heads of the eaters, crowded my way back to her seat, and set it down before her. I pursued the same course to procure her bread.

and butter, and then I went to a distant table, and catered for myself. I found a hungry crowd around my table, trying to laugh at their troubles; but finding it much easier to swear, and indulging, not a little, in both exercises. Little or nothing could be got without a fee, and not much with one. I was amused, while shouting to the waiter for some sugar to put in my tea, to see a gentleman opposite uncover a plate half-filled with the article, which he had secured, and was holding watch over, till he should require it. He very kindly offered me some, which I accepted. A gentleman by his side seemed to have a pretty large supply of butter near him, and I timidly asked if he could spare me a little; but he said it had cost him too much, and he could not possibly afford it. Fortunately, not long after, by some extraordinary mischance, a waiter placed before me a large plate of the coveted article, which I immediately secured; and then looking a little maliciously at my disobliging neighbor, I told him I should now 'neither borrow nor lend.' This I enjoyed all the more, as, at the moment, I observed some body snatch up his butter-plate, and run off with it. This caused a roar all round, and then I relented, and handed him a share of my store. But I paid dear for my generosity; for, not watching my plate closely enough, I had scarcely consummated this benevolent act, when lo! my plate was gone also. Now the laugh was on *me*, and my grateful friend generously offered me the leg of a chicken, to make amends for my loss. I thanked him, and declined, having still a vivid recollection of the tooth-trying properties of the chicken I had endeavored to swallow for my dinner.

It was now getting late, and my wife went to her state-room for the night. But here were other difficulties. I had supposed, from the announcement I had seen in the papers, that ladies would have state-rooms by themselves; and accordingly, when my wife, with two or three other ladies, retired to their berths, they supposed those not yet occupied would remain so, or be used by other *ladies*, not yet ready to come in. About mid-night, however, there was a row in the state-room. Two gentleman entered with tickets entitling them to the vacant berths, and said they were going to occupy them. Ladies, or no ladies, they had paid four dollars a piece for them, and they could get no others, therefore they should take these. It was of no use to remonstrate; so it was agreed that the husband of one of the ladies should bring in a mattress, and lie down upon it on the floor, as a protector to all the ladies; and in this way they passed the night. All this was done without my knowledge: I being, at the time, diligently engaged, in my own behalf, seeking a bed under difficulties.

It had been announced that those not accommodated in state-rooms would be furnished with mattresses fitted up in comfortable quarters; so, after bidding my wife 'good-night,' I went in pursuit of

one of these temporary resting-places. On reaching the deck, I was astonished to see long files of passengers marching to-and-fro, each with one or more mattresses upon his back. It was a curious spectacle, reminding me of a disturbed ant-hill, where the ants are seen scampering away with their eggs to places of safety. On inquiry, I learned that the passengers, finding there were no beds prepared for them below-deck, had resolved to secure beds for themselves, and were placing these mattresses on the deck, wherever they could find good chances, and securing them at once, by the familiar process of squatting. The political doctrines of Senator Douglas could not have found a better illustration. I looked awhile on this strange scene, and then sought a mattress for myself; but I was too late. They were all gone. I strolled along among the sleepers, and observed some were lying on two or three mattresses, determined to have a *soft* bed, at any rate. I begged of such that, as I had none, they would spare me one of theirs. But it was of no avail. I generally got good-natured answers, but no mattress. One man said he had fought too hard for his to think of giving them up; but he offered to make room for me, if I liked to take my chances with him on his upper mattress. As this was but about eighteen inches wide, I thanked him, and declined. I then went below, and, by accident—for I could learn nothing from inquiry—I got into a rather spacious side-room, or cabin, which I had not before discovered, where there were some twenty or thirty bunks or beds fitted up with sheets, etc., looking quite comfortable, though crowded. I asked for one, but the very polite gentleman having them in charge assured me they were all engaged. I now began to think I should get no place to rest my weary limbs for the night. I thought of the enviable ‘foxes who had holes, and the birds of the air who had nests.’ At length I resolved to go to head-quarters. I had brought a letter of introduction to Captain Hall, and as that officer had just retired from the deck, I waited on him at his ‘house,’ and presented my letter. He received me very cordially, and expressed his regret at my troubles, but said it was out of his power to do more than to direct me to Mr. Bold, who had charge of the sleeping-department. I ventured to ask him where I should find Mr. Bold. He replied: ‘Probably on deck.’ And ‘how should I identify him?’ ‘By his straw-hat with a blue string.’ I thanked him, and withdrew.

Now I had noticed, during the day, several gentlemen wearing straw-hats with blue strings, and how was I to know which hat covered the individual I was seeking? Moreover, it was now about eleven o’clock at night, and difficult to distinguish straw-hats at all, much less the color of their strings. I wandered about the deck awhile, in this fruitless effort, and finally gave it up, and again went

below. Here I found the Secretary, who said he could only advise me to take the first mattress I might find, and lay it down wherever I liked, in any part of the ship, and there make my bed for the night. I thanked him; but where was I to find the mattress? That he could not inform me. So my next application was to the purser, a very comfortable specimen of a John Bull, and rather good-natured withal, considering the circumstances; for I had spoken to him incidentally once or twice before about my sleeping accommodations, and it was no part of his business to attend to such matters. I now described to him my wants, and the pains I had taken to supply them, and then imploringly asked him what he could do for me? He called a servant, said something privately to him, and then directed me to follow him. I did so, and he took me on deck, and commenced an examination of the sleepers. The first one he found having more than one mattress, he roused from his slumber, and pulled one of the mattresses away, not without much grumbling and growling on the part of the squatter. This he directed me to hold on to, till he should return. Off he went again, and presently returned with another mattress, obtained in the same way. Now he desired me to say where I wanted them placed. I replied: 'In the most comfortable part of the ship, below-deck.' Down we went to the dining-saloons. *There* all was yet noise and confusion, eating, drinking, and revelling. Again the servant demanded where I would have my mattress laid. I replied, 'It was *his* business to find me a place, not *mine*;' but he refused to go any farther, except by my direction; and so I said that, as my wife's state-room was near the Ladies' Saloon, he might make my bed in that.

'What!' said he: 'make a bed in the Grand Saloon?'

'Yes,' said I: 'such is my choice, and since you have elected to act by my direction, you will please proceed accordingly.' So to the Grand Saloon we went.

My guide might have spared his remonstrances; for we found the saloon already filled with sleepers, so that the only place for my bed was under the table. I had read, in Parliamentary proceedings, of bills and resolutions being laid *on* the table; but as I was neither a bill nor a resolution, I had to be content to lie *under* the table. The mattresses were about to be adjusted on the selected spot; but it seemed my troubles were not yet ended, for our movements had been watched and our steps dogged by a Philadelphian, who insisted, in no very gracious terms, that I should have but *one* of those mattresses. Now I am, as you know, of a very amiable, accommodating disposition, and had I been asked in a respectful manner for one of my mattresses, I would have surrendered it without hesitation. But

when it was peremptorily demanded of me, it roused my ire, and turning to the Philadelphian, I thus addressed him: 'You say, Sir, that I *shall* give up one of those mattresses. Now, Sir, since you have chosen to demand, instead of requesting it, I have only to say that *you shall not* have it, and I am ready to take the consequences.'

He replied that he considered it a downright imposition that I should take two mattresses, when he and others could get none.

'These mattresses,' said I, 'are provided for me by direction of the officers of the ship. They are not of my own procuring; but having been proffered to me, I shall certainly accept of them.'

The servant now spoke, and told the Philadelphian, if he would come along with him, he would find him a mattress — *two*, if he wished them.

'No,' said he, 'that would not give this gentleman a right to two mattresses, and I am determined he shall not have two.'

'Very well,' said I, 'we will settle that matter at once.' So I ordered the servant to place the mattresses under the table, took off my coat, and laid myself down on them.

This made the Philadelphian very angry, and he commenced abusing me, and threatened to take the mattresses from me by force. I said I was an invalid, and not very well able to defend myself; but if he thought fit to attack me, I hoped he would do so at once, as I was anxious to have the matter disposed of, that I might get a little sleep. At this moment a friend of the Philadelphian entered the saloon, to whom the latter complained that I had *robbed* him of his mattress. Now it was *my* turn to be angry, and I repelled the charge in no very gentle terms, explaining to the new-comer the true state of the case. He then tried to persuade his friend to leave me, and assured him that a bed should be procured for him. This he at length reluctantly consented to, and I was rejoicing that I had got rid of him, when back he came again, and renewed his demand for one of my mattresses, more offensively than ever.

'What,' said I, 'are you back again? Why did you not follow your friend, and the servant who promised you a bed?'

'Because,' said he, 'they were only fooling me; and beside, it is *justice* I am contending for more than for the mattress. It is *your* mattress I want, not *a* mattress. Now,' he continued, 'you are an *old man* — old enough, probably, to be my grand-father; (the rascal was at least thirty, and I was just fifty that day — a birth-day I shall not be likely soon to forget;) and I have a right to expect from you a more discriminating sense of right and wrong, than from younger persons.'

'Indeed,' said I, feeling a little piqued at his allusions to my ex-

treme old age ; 'if I am so *very old*, my gray hairs should protect me from your impertinence ; and it speaks little for your courage that you should continue to annoy me, when younger men on deck are monopolizing two or three extra mattresses to which they have no claim whatever.'

To this he replied that he did not want to hold an argument with a ruffian or a rowdy, and ——

'What,' said I, interrupting him, 'do you dare to apply such epithets to me?'

'Oh! no,' said he 'by no means ; I was going to say it was my aversion to a controversy with the ruffians on deck who had so selfishly secured more than their share of the mattresses that induced me to continue my argument with a gentleman such as I take you to be ; for, notwithstanding you have not yet consented to give up that mattress, I still regard *you*, as I trust you do *me*, a gentleman.'

I reserved my opinion as to the latter hypothesis, and merely said, yawning and turning my back toward him, that I was going to sleep, and that if he wished to continue the conversation, he would have to do all the talking himself. This made him exceedingly angry, and he said he would either have one of the mattresses or prevent me from enjoying it. He declared he would lie down on the floor beside me, nor cease to annoy me till I should yield to his demand.

'Very well,' said I, 'lie down—lie down ; and I hope you may have a good time of it.' I closed my eyes and pretended to sleep, but just then a gentleman passed us, and observing my tormentor looking intently on me as I lay there in apparent slumber, asked what was the matter?

'The gentleman is very ill,' says the Philadelphian, 'very ill ; I doubt if he will live till morning.'

'Who is he?' demanded the stranger. 'Has he no friends?' and before he was answered a crowd began to gather, and the cabin-boy started on the run for the surgeon of the ship!

I thought it was time now to open my eyes. I sprang up as far as the table would permit, and called to the cabin-boy to come back, but he was gone beyond hearing, and then I addressed the crowd, telling them there was nothing the matter with me, and how shamefully I had been annoyed by this Philadelphian for the last hour. As Artemus Ward would say, 'I pored 4th my indignation' in a way that ought to have made the fellow's ears tingle, and applied epithets to him that I certainly would not tamely have taken from him. A Southern gentleman now came forward and corroborated all that I had said. 'I have witnessed,' said he, 'for the last half-hour, the annoyances to which that gentleman has been subjected, and have been

astonished at his forbearance. Sir,' turning to my tormentor, 'if I had you down South, I would teach you a lesson you would not soon forget; and Sir, as it is, if you do not leave this saloon in five minutes, you will be hurried out of it in a way you will not be likely to relish.'

The saloon-waiters, who till now had been quiet, never offering to interfere in my behalf, seemed to take courage from the example of the Southerner, and all at once became exceedingly 'plucky,' threatening the poor Philadelphian with all manner of terrible things if he did not cease to annoy the gentleman and leave the saloon immediately. 'They were *hastonished* at *is* conduct in disturbing the ladies and gents who were *hendeavoring* so 'ard to get a little rest.'

The poor Philadelphian, by this time, seemed much 'cowed,' and said deprecatingly, that he was sure he did not wish to create a disturbance, but (looking wistfully at me and my bed) thought he had a right to one of those mattresses, and that the gentleman should be made to give it up to him. The Southerner replied that that was a matter between him and the officers of the ship. 'Make your complaint,' said he 'to them, and let this gentleman alone.'

The Philadelphian then consented to leave, and that is the last I saw of him. I closed my eyes, and being exceedingly fatigued, was beginning to fall asleep, when I felt the gentle pressure of fingers at my wrist, and on starting up, a gentleman stood leaning over me feeling my pulse. On discovering I was awake, he kindly inquired what was the matter with me.

'Nothing, Sir,' said I; and then it all at once occurred to me that this might be the surgeon whom the cabin-boy had gone for. I was right, it was the surgeon; and he was quite astonished to get such an answer from a dying man! The matter being explained, he treated it as a good joke; and the kind-hearted cabin-boy seemed rejoiced that I was not, after all, to die before morning.

By this time the atmosphere of the saloon had become almost unbearable from the heat and the respiration of so many occupants. I perspired as freely as if in a vapor-bath. Nevertheless, I tried to get asleep, and would probably have succeeded had others been as quietly disposed as myself; but there was a noisy set around me, telling stories and cracking jokes, and seemingly determined neither to sleep themselves nor let any one else. One man produced a mysterious-looking black-bottle and a pitcher of water, and called impatiently for ice, which was not forthcoming. He began offering bribes to the waiter to get him some, increasing his offers, till finally he promised him two dollars and a half for a piece as big as his head. This tempted that worthy to make a trial, and off he went, but soon reappeared, quite crest-fallen, without the ice, his efforts having been fruitless.

Our friend with the bottle fairly raved, and in fact we were all much disappointed, for so great had our thirst become from the excessive heat of the saloon, that we would have gladly contributed to make up the sum which had been offered for the ice, if we could thereby have obtained a share of it. We had to content ourselves with drinking warm water, some of us putting a 'stick' in it, which was kindly furnished us, gratuitously, by the man with the black-bottle. At length all became quiet and I fell asleep; but visions of mattresses and tables and waiters and the Doctor and, above all, my Philadelphia tormentor, rose up before me, and I awoke in a fright, just as the Doctor, according to my dream, had produced his lancet and was about to commence a surgical operation upon me. I looked at my watch, and found I had slept one hour. Day had dawned, and finding further sleep out of the question, I dressed and went on deck to get the morning air and witness the splendor of a sun-rise at sea. I found air enough, but it was damp and chilly, and instead of a brilliant sun-rise, I was greeted with a drizzling rain. Alas! for the poor denizens of the deck. They had paid dearly enough for their selfish monopoly of the mattresses, for a sorrier looking set I never beheld. Some were still sleeping while the rain fell pitilessly upon their unprotected persons. Some were just 'turning out,' rubbing their eyes, cursing the ship and her officers roundly, and saying ill-natured things of the weather, and all seemed supremely miserable.

My first effort was to get something cool to drink, for my throat felt as hot and dry as one of the black smoke-pipes of the great ship. I made my way to the bar, and asked for ice-water. None to be had. Lemonade or soda? None, nothing but brandy and gin. These I of course declined, and was turning away nearly ready to faint, when the bar-keeper, observing my pale and haggard face, relented, and said he had a 'very little ice-water,' and would give me a glass. Oh! how I thanked him, and how eagerly I swallowed the grateful draught. I offered to pay him for it, but he declined, saying, however, that although he did not *sell* water, he would not refuse a gift. The hint thus broadly given, was not lost upon me, as I placed a coin in his itching palm.

I now sought for a chance to wash myself. As usual, nobody knew where I could get water or a towel. At length, after many fruitless inquiries, a disconsolate-looking passenger on the deck condescended to inform me, rather sarcastically, that if I had brought with me from New-York a bowl, towel, and water, there might be a chance for me, not otherwise! Another pointed to a couple of black, dirty-looking tubs on the opposite side of the vessel, and said I should find water in them. Accordingly, I passed over to these tubs, and there I found

two passengers, each with a bowl, dipping out some dirty-looking water and carrying it to a wash-stand near by, and there performing their morning ablutions. I ran down below in search of a bowl, and found about half-a-dozen in stands, but like broken cisterns, they would hold no water, each having a hole in the bottom and no plug to stop it with.

At length 'after a while,' I found one that would hold water, and snatching it up, I ran as fast as I could to get back to the tubs before the water should all be gone. I was just in time, and filling my bowl, away I went again below deck to the wash-stand from which I had taken it, and commenced my morning bath. As soon, however, as the water came in contact with my mouth and eyes, I felt a peculiar smarting sensation, and a passenger, who had been observing my movements, began to laugh, and asked me how I liked washing in sea-water? Sure enough, it was nothing but sea-water that I had been so exceedingly eager to secure before the supply should be gone, a supply which had for its source nothing less than the great Atlantic Ocean!

However, I made a virtue of necessity, and completed my bath, using my pocket-handkerchief as a towel, no towels having been provided for this occasion. My wife was more fortunate, she had fresh-water and a towel; but she had to make her toilet in the presence of two or three gentlemen still occupying berths in her state-room. On inquiry, we found that was a pretty general thing in all the state-rooms, the berths having been sold to all, without regard to sex, and many of them twice over.

Learning from experience, I looked out in time for a mattress for the second night, having hunted one up in the early part of the day, and shouldering it, carried it myself through the crowded saloons and into my wife's state-room, where I placed it in her berth for safe-keeping till wanted. It was cooler that night, and having placed my mattress again in the Grand-Saloon, near my wife—not this time under the table—I slept comfortably on it till morning.

When I went on deck, I was rejoiced to find a beautiful morning, and the shores of New-Jersey in full view. Home and its comforts never seemed dearer to me, and when I reached them I was once more a happy and contented man. I hope, my dear Smith, when *you* go pleasuring, you will know beforehand what your accommodations are to be, and that, at all events, you will not be obliged to 'seek a bed under difficulties.'

Yours truly,

BLUE NOSE.

A U T U M N .

SUMMER was dead : and now it was the day
Of Autumn's grand reception. 'T was the time,
When all, who sought her bounty, should receive
Full recompense for labor. I had seen
The loaded wains go creaking past the door,
And Poverty's pale children, clad in rags,
Walked smiling by, with pails of luscious fruit;
And then I knew the generous queen had come,
Summer's successor.

I was e'er a true
And loyal subject to the reigning power,
And strange excitement moved me as I went
To hail her Majesty. An open space
Of undulating upland, girt with wood,
An island in a lake of foliage,
She chose for her reception-hall. A crowd
Of proud attendants, dressed in livery gay,
Came in her train ; and CERES, goddess kind,
Brought all her yellow sheaves and golden corn,
Like a true maid of honor ; while behind,
POMONA followed, scattering her fruit,
Half-dancing to the tune that piping PAN
Was playing on his reed.

But Autumn sure
Was glorious and queenly ! O'er her brow
A crown of glittering grains was placed, set here
And there with dark and shining cones,
Like the jet-beaded blackberry. Her hair
Of richest brown, a clustered grape-vine wreathed,
Twining and looping up the large, soft curls,
With its own purple beauty ; and her cheek,
Brunette and bright with color, throbb'd with veins
Like those which streak the peach's downy face.
Her deeper-tinted lips were like some fruit,
Opened from over-ripeness ; and a smile,
A melancholy smile, played round their curves ;
And her large eye, with purple blackness soft,
Was colored like the dahlia's velvet heart,
That bloomed upon her breast. Their dreamy gaze
Seemed far-off fixed, as though they tried to read
Some volume of the Future. Now and then
A troubled light flashed through their mellow depths,
And cast a swift and flickering gloom across

Her olive-tinted brow, while her proud frame
Would shiver as with fear, and her fine mouth
Tremble, and work with smiles so sweetly sad,
It thrilled me, for they seemed so out of place.
Her gorgeous robe flowed from her faultless throat
Down to her silver-sandalled feet, and trailed
In heavy folds upon the carpet gay,
That ZEPHYRUS was spreading; while he sighed,
With every leaf his balmy fingers placed,
Her name in softest breath, and she would yield
Her sad and painful smile with such a grace,
So passively, it made him sigh the more.

I gazed in admiration as she came:
Breathless with awe and reverence I stood,
And worshipped silently. Yet when I heard
The rustling that her trailing garments made
Still nearer come, I knelt and pressed my brow
Upon the damp leaves at her shining feet,
In humble adoration. Then she laid
Her fingers on me, and my being thrilled
Till every nerve became electric wire
At her light touch; so that I wondered not
The fragile leaves should tremble, blush, and pout,
As she brushed by them. Slow she raised me up,
And with those changing, deep, magnetic eyes,
Looked through my heart. Then quickly she unclasped
The robe that hid her beauty, and I saw
The pearl-like lustre of her virgin breast:
A heaving wave of trembling loveliness
It rose and fell.

‘Here is a gift,’ she said:
‘I’ve worn it next my heart; a little plant
That I have named ‘Reflection.’ Life with thee
Has hardly put its summer brightness on,
And thou wilt find it is not yet too late
To cultivate this germ. Tend it with care,
So when thy autumn comes, the choicest fruit
Will all the past repay.’ Her quiet tones
Were ended with a sigh, and something like
A kiss fell melting on my cheek, and left
A sense of painful pleasure. Then she placed
The tender, rare exotic on my heart,
And with a sudden wildness in her mien
She hurried on.

’T was scarce an hour ago, I thought I heard
Unusual moanings sounding in the wind,
And the tall pines, smitten and bent with grief,

Were sobbing loud ; so from the casement-panes
I watched, with anxious, scrutinizing glance,
For this new cause of mourning. And behold !
This strange and queenly Autumn that I saw,
Went shrieking past, her fine hair blown about
Her wasted face, her dark eyes fierce and bright
With maniac wildness, and her meagre form
Half-clad in tattered remnants of her robe.
Her naked feet struck on the flinty road,
Yet still she fled, with thin consumptive form,
Raising her withered fingers now and then,
CASSANDRA-like, and pointing far away,
Shrieked insane prophecies. No soul was left
Of all her court and gay-appareled train :
Not even sighing ZEPHYRUS was there
To calm her insane vagaries. I wept
A tear upon the treasured germ she gave,
The while my eye pursued her flying form ;
And just as distance took her from my gaze,
I saw that AROLUS was close behind,
With icy fetters, manacles, and chains.
Poor crazy, dying Autumn ! let us make
A dirge for her.

A. C. KIMBALL.

A DAY WITH CHARITY.

‘ Oh ! the rarity
Of Christian charity ! ’

I AM a peaceable man, of no pretensions ; full of theories, and ‘ quietly made up.’ I have a wife and two ‘ props.’ Occasionally my feelings get the better of me, and do what I may, I am forced to follow the dictates of humanity and pursue the object of interest with unswerving perseverance.

The other day, while emerging from a by-lane, near Merchants’ Exchange, my attention was attracted by a small bundle of dirt-colored clothes, from which emanated, ever and anon, a smothered sob, united with a hungry, weakish cry. Now, I am strictly opposed to all nuisances in thoroughfares, and particularly down upon the multifarious methods adopted by the artful mendicants of Gotham for the purpose of obtaining money, or working upon the feelings of soft-hearted people, whose sympathy is as deep as their pockets are empty.

But the wailing sound from this child of want, ascending with a minor sweetness which touched a chord within my breast, responsive to all true-felt misery, urged me onward toward this shrunken heap of unfeigned misery. I paused; raised the load of indigence; discovered features of an angel cast, set in a frame of destitution, and stamped with poverty in solitude. I conversed with misfortune; looked at my watch; counted the profit and loss of a good action, (a common habit with most of our public philanthropists,) made up mind and body, and proceeded to interrogate. I had found a *white* 'Topsy'—no father nor mother: no home nor 'nothing,' and abundant evidence of the unlimited sway assumed by hunger.

DIAGNOSIS — Case of Marasmus, Mental, Physical and Moral.

PROGNOSIS — Very unfavorable.

TREATMENT — Procure a home for the lost one.

R	Of Prevention,	One ounce.
	Sympathy and Sustenance,	Drachms q. s.
	Washing,	No Scruples.
	Milk of Human Kindness,	<i>ad infinitum.</i>

M Dose — Given, with a little brandy, every three hours, until some relief is obtained.

C. C. PAMPHILUS, M.D.

I had certainly heard of many institutions for the destitute. My wife (blessed woman!) subscribed, and was honorary member of all the public charities in the city, proper and improper. There would be no difficulty, so I took a carriage and the young forlorn, and went home to the fountain of good advice — a welcome smile, and kind, attentive Mrs. C —. At once her lap was filled with variegated pamphlets of proceedings; circulars for beneficent appropriations, and papers signed in masculo-feminine chirography; copious evidence of benevolent intention and (why not?) deeds!

Amazed at the countless opportunities offered for alleviating wretched squalidness; and armed with these documents and a complete list of the whereabouts, I looked once more at my chronometer, entered the conveyance, gave orders to the coachman to drive me and my charge to the — House, and leaned back in my comfortable seat, suffused with a complete glow of satisfaction and self-approbation that few attain and many may well envy. In half-an-hour we stopped in front of a lofty edifice, surrounded by trees and interspersed with a luxuriant shrubbery, which betokened wealth and indicated taste.

An elderly matron, in tab-cap, gray hair, and English cheeks, hoopless skirt of upright hue, and neat apron, opened the door and beckoned me in. Seated in the 'reception-room,' I surveyed cleanliness in all its branches and refinement with all its purity. A picture

of the good Samaritan hung suspended from the wall, and several quiet-looking engravings of eminent divines adorned the other spaces.

‘Ah!’ thought I, ‘how strange that so adaptable a place should have been found at the expense of so little trouble.’

‘Wait a bit and listen,’ says experience.

‘What can I do for you or your little girl, Sir?’

‘Madam, I am a man of few words, and seldom indulge in practical charity; but, thinking that I had found a fit object for your generosity, (I here state the case,) I have taken the liberty of calling, for the purpose of leaving my charge with you.’

‘Ha-hem! (clearing her wiry throat,) I perceive, Sir, that unfortunately this case (patting most affectionately the little girl) does not come under our jurisdiction. We have special laws, and are obliged to confine ourselves strictly within certain bounds. This Institution can only protect and assist Half-Orphans—those dear little ones, Sir, whose woe is limited by Providential intervention to the loss of *one* parent; and who —’

‘Say no more, Madam; I perceive my error. Excuse trouble; pardon delay. Good morning.’

‘Driver!’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘How far is the — Asylum from here?’

‘About two miles, Sir.’

Looking at my time-piece once more, having an engagement at twelve o’clock. ‘Well, drive me there.’

Carriage stops by the side-gate of a square building, of granite proportions. Bell is pulled. Fussy little woman comes to the window; sees carriage, and runs round to open the door.

‘Is the Superintendent in?’

‘Yes, Sir. What name?’

‘Never mind the name, but tell your mistress that a gentleman is down-stairs, with a little orphan, and would like to see her.’

‘Yes, Sir. Step in and take a seat.’

In five minutes ‘lady’ appears, with all the dignity of gliding self-possession.

‘What is your business with me, Sir? I think my maid informed me that you desired an audience!’

‘I do n’t know about the audience, Madam, but I merely called to leave this poor, starving child with you, as a proper subject for commiseration and kind treatment. Moreover, as my wife is a subscribing member, we would claim the privilege of all associates, namely, her board and lodging.’ The story is then related with conciseness and rapidity.

‘You need not proceed any further, Sir; the case does not come under our jurisdiction.’

‘How so, pray Madam? The child is a double orphan, perfectly destitute of home, food, or raiment, and passes her nights in clammy cellars or unfinished buildings.’

‘You need not say any more, Sir, I assure you; really, you need not say farther. As I before remarked, Sir, and as you did not appear to comprehend me, I will venture to repeat, the case does not come under our jurisdiction. It is true the child *is* an orphan, and destitute: true she is not a Roman Catholic. But then, Sir, (drawing herself up,) according to your own statement, she is nothing: she has no religion; and I trust that *this* Institution, with all its maturity of original conception and purity of organization, will never be forced to harbor those whose depraved minds are as yet unborn to the holy truth, and whose pernicious influence may, in after years, affect the standing of —’

‘Madam, I assure *you*, ‘really’ Madam, you need say no more; I understand you perfectly. This is not the place for the unconverted. The child is a heathen, and as such should undoubtedly perish. You say this is a *religious* Institution?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Are you at the head of this Institution?’

‘I have that honor, Sir.’

‘Madam, I congratulate you upon being so well adapted to the ethics of so charitable an Institution. Good morning, Madam!’

‘Driver!’

‘Yes, Sir.’

Looking at my monitor once more. ‘Gracious! two P.M., and an engagement, for the first time in my life, broken! How far is it to the ‘Home for the —?’

‘One mile and a half from here, Sir; on the other side of the town, Sir.’

‘Well, it can’t be helped; take me there as soon as possible.’

Child begins to cry with weariness, hunger, and bewilderment. I stop at a bakery, purchase cakes and sugar-animals. Child ceases to cry and takes to candy.

At three o’clock P.M., thermometer 90° in the shade; road dusty and coughy; carriage permeated by that peculiar, musty, asphyxiating smell; spirits sunk and mind unsettled, with a pouting and exhausted offspring of filth, I reach the ‘Home for the —.’ Stop, ring, and am ushered in. Meet a kind old lady, who offers to officiate as adviser in the absence of the Superintendent, who had ‘stepped out,’ it being Saturday. I immediately question regarding the regulations and requisites, and am delighted with the satisfactory result, namely, ‘Those destitute in all respects are lodged free of any charge.’ Good! ‘Protestants, Heathen and Catholics admitted without inquiry into

their individual views or special convictions.' Better! 'All but the totally depraved in morality and abandoned in principle, who cannot live of themselves, cared for.' Best of all! And now for details: orphans, single or double, grand-mothers or aunts, equally privileged?'

'Oh! yes, Sir, and if you will be pleased to send up the unfortunate victim of destitution, she will be received at once and properly indoctrinated.'

'My very good friend, she is in the carriage. I will be with you in one moment. Excuse me, Madam.'

Scene second. Enter practical philanthropy leading Charity's adopted. Agent for the house of good deeds: 'It can't be possible, Sir, that this is the person of whom you spoke?'

'And why not, Madam! Is she not a concentrated focus of all the calamities of which you gave me the list? Pray, what more does she require?' (becoming irate.) 'Is it necessary that her eyes should be blue and her hair auburn? that her height be six feet, and her weight two hundred pounds? Is it indispensable that her ancestors should have come over in the 'May Flower,' or that she be possessed of a knowledge of phonography, or any more such idiotic rules that leave no margin for individuals, but demand genera and permit not even species?'

'Keep your temper, Sir; there is no necessity for any remarks of this painful character. The person who is under your charge, being in no respects a *woman*, as the by-laws have it, 'over sixty, under eighty, and carrying in her person no fomites,' I am forced to regard her as a child, and at the same time, to inform you, in behalf of my honored Superintendent, that this case does not come under our jur —'

'That will do, Madam! — enough! enough! If you possess any regard for my feelings, do not articulate a sound so full of notes discordant to humanity.'

'Driver!' (loud and short.)

'Yes, Sir.'

'Drive me to the office of the 'Association for the Relief of the Suffering, Sick, and Infirm.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Come, sissy, cheer up; I have more reason to cry than you, deprived of a fat customer by this humbug of charities. Stop crying, and eat this apple. There now: be a good girl.'

At half-past four P.M., we stop at the private residence of Mrs. L —, in — Avenue, next door to the — Society.

Coachman: 'The lady's in, Sir!'

A sweet little woman in a dear little dress entered her elaborate boudoir with an air of exquisite refinement and *tant mieux* expression of countenance.

‘Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. L —?’

‘That is my name, Sir. I believe you desire to know something relative to our Association. Is it not so?’

‘You are correct in your surmise, Madam. Having failed to elicit any satisfactory information, or obtain a single centime for this poor child from any of our numerous charity societies, I have at length come to you, the President, Secretary, or Treasurer of the ‘Association for the Relief of the Suffering, Sick, or Infirm,’ feeling confident that your Institution might —’

‘Our Institution! Why we have none, Sir. Ours is an entirely gratuitous affair, being an ASSOCIATION of well-disposed, well-to-do ladies, who meet once a month at each others’ houses for the purpose of reading and approving the minutes. We have no building. Certain of our Committee, every week visit the poor, give consolation to the afflicted, distribute tracts, warn the wayward, instruct the young, and generally aid all those who require efficient assistance. At present there are great demands upon our funds and time, but if you will give us the address of this poor child, we will enter her name on our books, read and discuss the merits of her necessities at the next meeting, the first of the following month; and I have not the least doubt but that before two weeks I may prevail on our associate sisters to present her with a load of stove-coal.’

‘Stay a minute, dear lady. Of what earthly benefit would coal be to a child without a fire-place, and who is even destitute of a home?’

‘Well, Sir, I am exceedingly sorry, but if the child have no home, no place of residence, most certainly she is to be classed among the ‘vagrants;’ and I am forced, under those circumstances, to state that this case does not come under our j —’

‘Excuse me for interrupting you, Madam, but under whose does it come?’

‘I can only think of one especially adapted to this particular instance, and that is the ‘Abode for all who —,’ etc.’

‘Thanks, Madam. Good afternoon.’

Time, seven P.M. Engaged to hear Patti, and take wife and Cousin Susie to the opera. Desperately incensed, famishingly hungry, and emphatically determined to find one more place. Child asleep from exhaustive weeping and constant joggling. Horses degenerated into shuffling pacers. Coachman chippy and soliloquizing about ‘long drives and nothing to eat.’ Sky overcast with a heavy cloud of threatening rain. I made a firm resolution never to be caught again in such a scrape, and ordered the tired jehu to drive to the ‘Abode for all who —,’ etc.

Carriage ceases to move. I rouse from ‘dull despondency,’ enter the ‘Abode;’ and flop down on a seat, leaving the ‘unfortunate’ to moan away delay.

A mild Quaker lady enters, done up in muslin and lead-color. In the adjoining room tea-cups and saucers rattle in sweet and suggestive harmony, with the babbly mirth of happy innocence, painfully reminding one of Tom and Harry — my lost dinner — wife wrapt in anxious tears, and Susie full of vows of vengeance for her disappointment.

Quaker lady hears the whole narrative of the day, and replies that this is just the place for 'poor little deary.' I stretch my limbs, pull on my gloves, look forward to a speedy relief and my genial home, when 'charity' interrupts meditation: 'Can thee name the street in which thee first discovered this forsaken sufferer?'

'Oh! yes, Madam; it was in Hanover, leading out of Wall.'

'Then thee has visited the wrong 'Abode.' Thee has made a sad mistake; for this is not within our district, which is confined to all thoroughfares above Canal. Consequently, I am grieved to tell thee that this case does not come under our —'

'Jurisdiction! And it most undoubtedly does not seem to come under mine. Never mind, Madam, it's of no consequence. I will bid you a very good evening.'

'Driver!' (No answer.) '*Driver!*' (Only a movement of the limbs. Exhausted nature sleeps.) 'Driver! Theodore! Coachman! come, wake up and drive to Forty-second street. If I fail here, charity has departed from Gotham.'

Once more all the forms are gone through with mechanically. I perceive not the originality of the house nor its occupant, but quietly await a 'fiat.' True to conjecture, the reply is: 'We only take care of the sick. Though your charge exhibits much weakness, Sir, and appears to be worn out by hardships, still, as there exists no positive evidence of any special disease, the case cannot be said to come under our jurisdiction.'

This time I heard *her* through, having no more power left to contend with woman. But one thing I recollect with this last 'jurisdiction,' my limbs, tuned to signals of repugnance, lifted me from my seat and carried me unheeding to the carriage, where I dropped and faintly articulated, 'Home! *my* home!' which was as faintly responded to by my semi-comatose holder of the ribbons in the whispered words: 'Yes, Sir.'

As we three feeble creatures journeyed toward the 'domestic circle,' on passing by another *Maison du Cœur*, I pulled the cord, stopped the carriage, and summoning all remaining strength, rang the door-bell and awaited known results. A fat, red-faced butler opened the portals; dodged the pattering rain; demanded my wishes, and on hearing the commencement of this thread-bare tale, sententiously observed: 'It's arter six o'clock; and nothing's ever done with poor before the morrow.'

Once more at home, *my* home — the real home for the friendless, etc., etc., now I find all things within *my* jurisdiction. The 'little deary' is washed, fed, and put to bed in the kitchen-closet for the night. On 'the morrow she will leave me' for a comfortable home, with one of my poor tenants. And I, just full of happiness at having reached the end of a long nightmare, sitting round the table that has furnished me with condiments of a grateful character, smoke my never-failing, pressed Cabana; make vast promises to unflinching Susie, and gaze with fond affection into Medora's eyes, 'those homes of silent prayer. My wife has consented to retire from public charities, some ten in number, and deal out the fresh loaf to the hungry; clothe the thread-bare with garments, and not wise maxims; lodge the houseless out of our 'tangible fund association,' and leave committees to those desirous of posthumous reputation. When a kind visitor beholds wretchedness, he receives practical benefit while administering comfort. Gentle reader, do good in person: but if you are unable to go about, subscribe to 'Public Charities;' and above all, for the assistance of such as I am, found an Institution that shall have for its object the pointing out to the well-wishers of humanity the proper asylum for each case that *comes* under its JURISDICTION!

THE BARD OF PAIN.

I.

UNTIMELY care had marred his face,
And thankless toil had made him thin;
For Thought whose lightnings kindle space,
And what voluptuous sin,

II.

And burning love, and bitter hate
Upon his brow their seals had set,
And many a yearning passionate,
And many a wild regret.

III.

But now the quiet daisies ope
Upon the sod that covers him,
Nor let the radiant glance of Hope
Uplifted thence grow dim.

S E E N D R O W N E D .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEPE.'

SIR THOMAS MAITHROW, quaintly and voluminously discoursing upon the sights to be seen on the water and under the water, as expressed in his book (now out of print) on '*Marvellous Truths*,' roughly presents to his readers the following information :

'The divers that do go down into the deep waters, where a vessel hath sunk, and from which they praiseworthy seek to recover the bullion, do many times encounter most grievous obstacles to the success of their labor, in the presence of the bodies of those persons who did sink with the ship. These bodies do so stare at them with their monstrous filmy eyes, and do so beckon and nod with the motion of the water, that the divers, notwithstanding that they be brave men and true men, do most heartily shun such hideous companions, and quickly rise to the upper air. And if the thoughtful do but consider the circumstances attending such an encounter as that above-mentioned, there need be no doubtings about the quickness and correctness of the judgment of the divers.'

Although it is very improbable that Sir Thomas had a just conception of the actual horror of the meeting of a living and a dead person, several fathoms beneath the surface of the water, his reasoning is nevertheless as cogent and applicable as if he had been in such a position as to fully appreciate the magnitude of the terror which almost inevitably exists, where the living and the dead are brought into such a juxtaposition, and in an element so well calculated to impress the ignorant mind with superstitious falsities.

Sir Thomas does not end his treatment of the subject at this point ; but, like a true knight, proceeds to express himself more fully, but with less delicacy. After describing the apparatus of the diver very minutely, and relating the hardships and dangers to which his calling is incident, he next considers the condition of those persons drowned in the vessel searched by the divers :

'And their bodies are most enormously bloated, greatly resembling a huge puff-ball. As the water communicates motion to the ship, the dead sway to the right and to the left, backward and forward, with the gracefulness of an accomplished courtier. Their unclosed eyes watch the living as jealously as if their rescue were the object of the search, and they were greatly alarmed lest, in the hurry of the moment, they should be overlooked, and left to the society of noble

fishes, for them to rub their fins and long slimy bodies against; and for the companionship of those other sea-animals, which do clasp their tenacious antennæ about the victim, and make of the eyes and tongue such epicurean tid-bits, as do we men and women of the like properties of brutes. It appeareth a sad thought that our drowned friends must cultivate such boorish habits as these monstrous fishes will impart, and be left to a solitude that exceedeth in dreariness all that can be imagined of the like upon earth.'

So much for Sir Thomas Maithrow, whose work, in my boyhood, I greatly delighted to read. It tintured my character with a certain timidity, a cautious courage that leavened my aquatic feats, with a scarce acknowledged fear of something hideous, yet undiscoverable, in the water. Nevertheless, my confidence in the veracity of the worthy knight was, notwithstanding my early faith in him, entirely destroyed by an occurrence that seldom happens to a man, and I hope never but once in a life-time.

My fondness for bathing, and the strenuous exertions made by me to gratify such a liking, have very often been productive of serious inconvenience, owing to the apparently unreasonable opposition of my father and mother, who have many a time soundly threshed me for a breach of their instructions. But the sting of the rod was softened in an hour, by laving the scourged part in the cool water, which I merrily splashed, utterly oblivious of a promised renewal of my punishment.

At the age of eighteen, I was both an excellent swimmer and diver, and delighted in all the aquatic feats known to my instructors. About this period of my life, Sir Thomas Maithrow's 'Marvellous Truths,' purchased by my father at some 'old-book' stall in the city, was placed upon the library-shelf, from which position it was abstracted by me, and read with enthusiastic avidity. My attention long dwelt upon the passages already quoted. The keen edge of my delights in bathing were wofully blunted thereby, and I abstained from any immersion in the lake for a fortnight after its perusal. Human nature could be restrained no longer; and placing Sir Thomas' work upon the top-most shelf of the library, I made elaborate preparations for a luxurious bath, first securing the companionship of several of my friends.

An abstinence from my sole real enjoyment, heightened the frantic pleasure which thrilled through my frame, as, in a body, we approached the little lake, wherein I had so often surpassed my fellows in daring achievement. Well do I remember how inviting was the placid surface of the lake, fringed on all sides with heavy woods, whereof the shadows leaned across the waters until they almost kissed the opposite shore

The frolicsome fish leaped here and there, upward, shaking from their scaly sides a thousand sparkling drops, that fell back to the eager water, and were mingled once more into one attractive whole. Boats glided swiftly over its surface, lingered lovingly in some entrancing cove, or rested peacefully in the shadow of a lofty elm. The pleasant scene made a strong impression upon my memory that beautiful afternoon : it presents as clearly now as then its nobler outlines.

Once again upon the lake, and my old happiness, long barred of free expression by the dreary revelations of that weird book, came back upon me like a cloud. Hitherto my soul had centered in inexpressible dreariness. I had desired greatly, yet feared to venture upon, an element whereof a full, enticing revelation had been made by Sir Thomas. Now, I thought of nothing, asked nothing, but to once more plunge far down into the crystal depths of my beloved lake, whose terrific grandeur, when billowed and restlessly tossed in rough contention by the sturdy storm-winds, it had been one of my greatest delights to gaze upon, and to remember in calmer days.

Our preparations for bathing were soon made ; but notwithstanding all my eagerness to be the one to make the first plunge, my companions were splashing in the water several minutes before I was in readiness to join them. The water at this spot was about fifteen feet deep, and very clear : the bottom was carpeted with a species of long, rough water-grass or weed, that, late in the summer, grew to the surface of the water, and spread thereon a broad leaf, unpleasant to the touch.

I did not dive upon the first immersion ; but, after a few minutes passed in frolicking, sank to the bottom, descending feet first, and gazing up through the transparent element at the active forms of my companions, who gambolled above me. Suddenly my feet touched something cold, yielding to pressure, and giving evidence of an exceedingly disagreeable tangibility. It was not the bottom of the lake, for that was weedy, and beneath the weeds sand. Then, too, this obstruction was elastic, and of no insignificant dimensions, as I readily recognized in my first alarm, when I had sprung upward. The shock of the contact passed away instantaneously. It was not the first occasion upon which fright had for a second controlled my faculties, when in the water, until a calm investigation had proved the insignificance of the object of alarm. Inverting my position, and proceeding to the right, at length a white object was before me, and I saw a dead man lying upon the sand ; the body was confined in its place by long trailing weeds, that interwove their tendrils upon the face, over his strong chest, and fettered the form to a prison-floor of sand.

Stretching across the open eyes, often resting upon the forehead,

was a lizard, that glided into the weeds as I moved my hands. I don't know that it will ever be possible to forget that face, so fresh and boyish, and the head, with its crisp, curling locks of hair, and long tresses, some half-buried in the sand, while others, the handsomest, were twisted into a wreath of weeds, and were waved to-and-fro gently by the agitated waters.

There was a movement of the body: the lizard peered forth from the weeds, and, in affright, with a quick spring, I cleft the water upward, and rejoined my friends. Sitting in the boat, wearied, exhausted, tormented by superstitious fears, my thoughts were all upon the body resting so peacefully but a little distance from us, unknowing and unknown. Sweet was his sleep, but mysterious his death.

Two of the boys asked what caused my paleness, but receiving no answer, continued their sports. For five minutes I was combating an insane desire to descend once more to the bottom, and ascertain if there had been any movement of the body—to see if it still remained there, in all its loneliness. There was a fascination in the adventure that urged me on to the accomplishment of the wish. I could not put the thought away from my mind, look where, and talk and act as I would: its pertinacity in clinging to me, and obtruding its salient terror toward my soul was startling. But Sir Thomas' passages acted as mediators; then too his remarks were exceedingly vulgar, and not at all applicable to the dead body sleeping in its beauty, that rested, deep down, almost beneath my very feet. God forgive men that create mock terrors, whether directly or indirectly: they are criminals in the intent.

Leaning over the gunwales of the boat, I looked down through the blue water, striving to observe the condition of the drowned boy. As I gazed intently, there arose the thought of how lonely it must be where he lay, with only a foul lizard for a companion; and I wondered if, in watching the stars all through the long chill nights, his eyes never wearied, nor his hopes grew withered, in awaiting a rescue. Then came the thought of the mother, weeping bitterly at the absence of her son, and of the sister, wearily sighing, as she eagerly listened for the firm, welcome foot-fall of him whom she loved so dearly. And the maiden whom *he* loved — I hesitated, and asked myself these questions: Would my company be a companionship for him? Would it ease the aching hearts of the desolated?

Under the terrible hallucinations produced by such thoughts and interrogations, improbable in their tendency, it is true, (but was not the whole occurrence so different from the ordinary happenings of our every day existence as to warrant their creation?) I noiselessly, and unobserved, went over the side of the boat, and propelled myself to the body.

There had been no change in its position. Kneeling on that sward of tangled water-weeds, I carefully gathered his long black hair in my hand, freeing it from the coarse grass. There was no longer any fear within me, to shudder and shrink as I touched the body. There seemed a heavy weight upon my chest, and a pressure upon my throat and eyes, such as I had never before experienced. The cold, passionless gaze of the dead man transfixed me with its terrible steadiness: was it possible to change it into one of joy and love? The pressure upon my chest was surely growing stronger, and my throat — why, I could hardly restrain myself from breathing. I lay down beside the corpse, and, with it, gazed up — up — up!

There were no green fields, lovely in the sun of a summer's day, to gladden his lonely heart; no trees to shade the aching eyes from the sun's rays; no chirp of bird nor hum of insect life to make melody upon the anxious ear; but what was visible was cold and cheerless, and the sun even, for a time, hid itself under a black cloud.

Bubbles of air, like the sighs of those buried beneath the water, and whereof Dante speaks in his 'Vision,' rose, trembling, to the surface, in successive order, and burst above us like the hopes of the dying. I no longer thought of home and its inmates, so dearly beloved; all that was swallowed up in an engrossing affection for my dead comrade: life had no charms for my thoughts. Now and then the water entered my lungs, with much pain, and pressed heavily upon my ears; but I forgot all that, as the water likened to an inky hue, and obscured the light of the sun. It seemed hours since I had descended.

The lizard, with redoubled hideousness, swaying its tail with an easy motion, crept toward me. Was it this reptile singing so sweetly? Or were the sounds I heard the musical notes of the clashing water, as one particle collided with another, and vibrated the sweet concord throughout the entire body by which we were surrounded, creating long, wailing melodies, with symphonies stealing over the charmed senses, like the opening chorus at the revelation of some great mystery? It came close about me, in one burst of grand melody that seemed to arch the water into a palace, where every note reverberated through long passages, and returned to the listener relieved of much of its harshness, and as clear and penetrating in its tones as the notes of an æolian harp. Again, far off it sounded — a simple wail; but gathering force and strength and volume, both of clearness and melody, it came down upon me like an army of choristers, shouting out their triumphal pæans in one united voice, whose strains were like those we seem to hear in some enchanting dream.

The shadows of dark clouds were to my gaze like broad icebergs, with cold, grey peaks, that shot athwart my range of vision, and

chilled the water by their presence. These disappeared, and the music enveloped me again with its bursting sweetness. I put my arms around the dead boy's neck, resting my head upon his breast, so quickly were my fears dispelled by what I heard. A sleepiness was entralling me, when, parting the dark waters, there swept toward me a great white body, that seized my feet, and bore me to the surface, still clinging frantically to the corpse. My companions had saved my life. They had sought me in and around the boat, and not finding me, one of them, diving, discovered two bodies instead of only one.

I had been under water two minutes.

F A I T H .

'Come in and see my boy,' she said;
And wondering at her, I obeyed.
She smiled half-sadly, as afraid
That I should say — her child was dead.

Calm as a summer eve, he lay,
With parted lips and closed eyes,
As though some seraph from the skies
Had come and kissed his life away.

A pure white lily on his breast :
I looked to see it rise and fall :
Rare flower — it did not move at all —
The heart beneath it was at rest.

A little lock of golden hair
Quivered upon the blue-veined brow :
Unheeded its caresses now,
He did not notice it was there.

'Is he not sleeping?' murmured she;
And weeping that I must say 'No!'
I drank with her the cup of wo,
Although her boy was naught to me.

'Sleeping his last sleep,' so I said.
A wondrous smile lit up her eye :
One white hand pointing to the sky,
She whispered : 'See! he is not dead!'

Blackstone, Mass., March, 1860.

J. HAL. ELLIOT.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS: A REVERIE.

BY PLINY MILES.

IN a beautifully wooded vale, on the banks of the Connecticut, I sauntered out for a walk. My footsteps led near the river, where it rumbled along on its rocky bed, and high over all hung the branches of the old forest trees. The scene was fresh and primitive, not a stump or furrow appeared, nor had the place apparently been visited by the footsteps of civilized man, since the creation of the world. It was a delightful summer morning; the dew-drops glistened on the leaves, and the air was vocal with the song of birds. The busy squirrel hopped from branch to branch, and ran before me without fear or concern. As the sun rose toward the meridian, I threw myself on a flowery bank, beneath an aged oak, and gave myself up to rest and contemplation. While wrapt in a delightful reverie, my eyes were overcome with sleep, and I saw, in imagination, the following scene:

The huge trunk of the oak seemed to open, and out stepped a boyish form. He was clad in a suit of green moss and wood flowers, and in his hair was a wreath of wild roses, interwoven with branches of birch and hawthorn. His countenance was pleasing and youthful, and his step buoyant and active. As he advanced toward the river a footstep was heard on my left, and immediately there appeared the stalwart form of a middle-aged man. On his shoulder he bore an axe, and in his right hand he carried a gun. He was clothed in coarse garments of mixed woolen and flax, and on his head he wore a hat made of straw. He looked ambitious and covetous, haggard and care-worn. Comfort or contentment, laughter, smiles, poetry, or sentiment, had no place in the expression of his countenance. As he approached, the youth advanced to meet him. 'Who art thou, vile trespasser?' said the man, in tones of contempt, and with a harsh and nasal voice. 'I have bought this land, and intend to occupy it. Tell me, then, stripling, why you cross my path.'

'I,' replied the youth, in modest accents, 'am the Genius of this Forest, the Spirit of the Woods. Six thousand years have I inhabited these solitudes, and the trees that cover the hills and valleys are my children. The Indian has long been my friend, and the deer and the fox are my play-fellows. The squirrel delights me with his graceful motions, and the birds waken me in the morning with their songs. You have the appearance of a deadly enemy, and by your language you seem to dispute my possession.'

‘Yes,’ said the stranger, ‘I am the owner of this land, having purchased it of my king. He lives and reigns in the Old World beyond the great water, and, learning that this country was inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, he sent me as the representative of civilization and commerce to take possession of the continent, in his name.’

‘But my title,’ rejoined the youth, ‘is of earlier date, and comes from a higher authority. I was put in possession by the ALMIGHTY, at the creation of the world, and I have never abused my privileges. I have heard of your career in other lands. You claim to be the representative of civilization and commerce, but wherever you go nature recoils at your approach, and devastation follows your footsteps. The trees that you cut down with your axe in a single day, cannot be replaced in a thousand years. You kill the birds and animals with a wanton spirit, and sweep the hills and valleys with a besom of destruction.’

‘But,’ said the man, ‘in place of the deer and the bear, I will have flocks and herds; and, when this forest is cleared away, I will raise corn and wheat, and cover the land with meadows, gardens, vineyards, and orchards. I cut down that I may build up. Fruits improve by my cultivation, and civilized life is more productive than savage.’

‘Yes,’ replied the youth, ‘I grant that one thing lives by the destruction of another; I claim no exclusive privileges. When the Indian requires a bow, a fishing-rod, or a pole for his tent, he takes whatever he needs, and I find no fault.’

‘But why,’ said the stranger, ‘do you compare my labors with the career of a rude Indian? Civilization makes larger demands than barbarism, and produces far greater results. In a beautiful valley like this, where a few hundred red men pick up a scanty subsistence, I will build cities, dig canals, lay out roads, and support thousands of people. The busy tide of commerce and industry follows my steps, and enterprise, wealth, and glorious achievements mark my progress. You must admit that this is nobler, by far, than the career of savages, and that the hum of busy toil and the advancing steps of civilization produce sweeter music than the babbling of your idle brooks, and the songs of your senseless birds. Acknowledge, then, the power and dominion of superior intelligences, and no longer attempt to hold a position that is untenable, or to keep possession in idleness of a domain that you have neither the power nor the will to improve.’

‘I have no wish,’ replied the youth, with ingenuous modesty, ‘to stop the progress of civilization, Christianity, or commerce; neither do I desire that brute force should crush out all spirit of refinement. Nature will assert her rights, and those who attempt to defraud her

must make due reparation, or suffer the consequences. You boast of the progress of civilization, but you forget the accumulation of debts that cannot be repudiated, and the existence of laws which you violate, where escape from the penalty is impossible. You upset the order of nature, which decrees and establishes an equitable balance between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. You sweep away the forests and destroy the birds of heaven, and what are the consequences? The rain that falls immediately evaporates, a verdant beauty no longer meets the eye, springs and streams dry up, the country becomes a desert, and myriads of insects sweep over the land like a devouring army. You then complain of the operation of inexorable edicts, and in your ignorance and impiety, murmur against PROVIDENCE. The penalties you reap are the fruits of your own planting. You mar the face of nature, build great cities, and expect wealth to produce happiness and enjoyment. The vegetable productions necessary to absorb the noxious vapors bred amidst a dense population, are no where to be found; and disease, pestilence, and death, are the inevitable attendants. And look at the rewards bestowed on human achievements. The mortal who sows human lives on the field of battle, and gathers a harvest of glory, has a monument erected to his memory, but he who bequeathed a forest or a park to the inhabitants of a crowded city, will hardly be known by name to the millions whom he benefits. All this would be seen and appreciated in its true light were your civilization worthy of the name. But there are higher rewards than these. There is ever a spirit of refinement and a love of virtue in those who look with pleasure on a scene like this. The gorgeous beauty of these old forests, the music of the winds among the branches, the songs of birds, and the ever-varying aspect of animate and inanimate nature on every side, cannot be appreciated by those unfeeling sons of commerce who seek for nothing beyond their daily gains. It is of this that I complain. I cannot inhabit the country amid the desolation caused by your 'improvements.' My companions — the Dryads and Naiads — are frightened away by the sound of your axe, and the peaceful nymphs of these groves are driven by the noise of your gun beyond the confines of civilization. But all this need not be. The spirit that you show is the spirit of barbarism. On some parts of the continent, far away toward the setting sun, are trees of magnificent proportions and unrivalled beauty, that future generations will doubtless only know by name, and that in the musty records of botanical science, unless direct efforts are made to propagate and preserve them. Some of these are of larger size, rarer beauty, longer life, and greater durability of substance, than any that grow in this valley. To transplant them here, and perpetuate them for the use and pleasure of future generations, will require a more refined spirit

and a more disinterested benevolence than finds a place in the sordid demands of trade. And pray, tell me what are the objects of life? Are men sent into the world merely to perpetuate their kind, pile up a little dross, and suddenly disappear? To a rational being, where is the pleasure, and what is the honor of existence, if the world is not made better, and future generations happier, by the labors of his short-lived career? I do not complain that you take these old trees to make fences, build houses, and construct ships. But yours is a spirit of wanton destructiveness, a wholesale slaughter of ancient forests that have long been monarchs of the soil, and that cannot be reproduced during twenty generations of men. You are constantly pulling down and rarely building up. Your acts are derogatory to civilization, at war with the beauty and harmony of nature, and destructive of health and rational enjoyment. On behalf and in the name of future generations, I protest against your blind and selfish career. I appeal to the few who have loftier aims than those of sensual gratification, and the accumulation of wealth. By your language and demeanor, I see that you are the representative of commerce in its most sordid form. Your life has no enjoyments, and your soul no aspirations, except in the grovelling pursuit of gain. Your children and your grand-children will be as niggardly as yourself. Your portrait will in time be thrown among the lumber of a garret, and none shall exist to renew your name on the slab that will stand over your grave. But better men shall arise. I confidently foresee the dawn of a brighter day, and a more advanced civilization. These things I confidently predict.'

Here the rustling of a bird among the branches disturbed my slumbers, and I awoke. The sun was fast sinking in the west, and wondering at the flight of time and the instructive vision I had seen, I arose and pursued my journey.

O N A N I N F A N T .

A new-blown bud in our garden bower ;
A dew-drop quivering on a flower ;
The deepening blush of the sun-set hour ;
A pearly chain round the brow of Night,
That may melt away in the morning's light :
All things fair and pure and free,
And fragile, are but types of thee.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HERMIT OF ALEOVA; OR THE SHEPHERD-GIRL'S TRIUMPH. By ROB. RAPLER. Second Notice. Albany: J. MUNSSELL, Number 78 State-street.

WE promised, in our last number, to refer again to this most remarkable volume. The author is entirely original. His 'style' is evidently 'his own.' And therein consists his preëminent merit. Certain of our most distinguished American writers have been accused of imitating Sir WALTER SCOTT; others of copying DICKENS; others, again, of adopting the literary manner of THACKERAY: but not the slightest trace of these, or any other eminent writer, can be found in the pages of 'The Hermit of Aleova.' No such charge can for one moment be brought against our author: and this is a fact, 'which nobody can deny.' But let's pass once more to our extracts. We premise that 'SOLUM' had 'accomplished his desires,' by getting up in good season, to go to the lake, having 'collected his tackling' the night before, while assuring LELIA that 'no obstacle was harbored in his bosom to his continuing his visits to her.' SOLUM fished all day long, and 'collected a great many fish with his unerring hook,' having 'a large vessel into which he 'collected' his luxury.' Being done, he sat down upon a log, and 'watched the last glimmering rays of light, till they sank into the *glaring* twilight.' 'While thus contemplating the play of one of Nature's dramas, an object attracted his attention in the rear. It was the pale face of the mistress of the night, just emerging from her obscure retreat, to illumine the scene of darkness that was then overspreading that portion of the terraqueous globe. She began to shed her silvery rays in such rich profusion as to attempt to rival the luminary just sunk beneath the horizon. The winds began to raise their melancholy cadences, as if to welcome the moon to her nocturnal duties.' 'But to our narrative.' Take, for example, this appalling picture of the state of feeling which existed in Aleova, previous to the breaking out of the 'terrible pestilence:'

'SOLUM got up in the morning as usual, and dressed himself for his accustomed morning walk. He thought of the dream he had during the night: it troubled him much indeed. He wished to reveal his vision to his parents, for he was not accustomed to keep any thing a secret from them; and deemed it indiscreet, and disrespectful to their better judgment; but he feared that if he should reveal his dream, it would be accompanied with dissatisfactory consequences, so finally he concluded to keep it a secret within his own bosom, and wait the consequences that might ensue.'

'After he had returned from his morning walk, his mother told him that one of the neighbors had been in the house since he left, and said that several of the down-town folks were taken severely ill, and died, and that many more of them were not expected to survive from one moment to another.

'This awful (I would not say unexpected) news, was to SOLUM a severe shock: he thought of that melancholy dream, and how soon it might be realized: he thought of his poor and tender-hearted mother lying a cold and lifeless body at his feet! It almost overwhelmed him, but he strove to bear up, on his mother's account.

'When breakfast was ready, they all sat down together, to eat the last breakfast together on earth: I do not mean to say the last meal: no, I mean the last breakfast.

'Neither of their appetites were as keen as usual, on account of the much-dreaded pestilence in town. But ah! if the veil of obscurity could have been withdrawn at this present moment, whilst they sat together at the breakfast-table, how entirely different would have been their feelings — their feeble appetites would have been exchanged for an entire loathe of food; but in this circumstance, as well as all others of a similar character, it was well that the future remained a dark and gloomy mystery.

'Another neighbor came along, after they had finished breakfast, and said that nearly, or more than one half, of the folks in town, were taken sick; that they lived but a short time after an attack; he also said that he did not believe that there would be one living person in town in less than a week; he said that he believed that the rest of the folks in town ought to flee for their lives, and not remain there to become a victim of the dire pestilence. This last news from their neighbor, made them all feel worse than ever. That heart-rending news began to bear upon the mind of SOLUM's mother: she began to look unusually pale and languid: she looked as if the dreaded monster had begun to prey upon her vitals. She did not feel entirely well, nor did she feel unwell; but it was evident, from her personal appearance, that fear was the sole cause of her distress. She was not to be wondered at. Who would not do likewise, especially when he or she hears of the sword of desolation that is wielded over-head?'

At this time, 'our hero' has a horrible dream; a 'vision of the night in his bed,' from which he is awakened by the 'faint snoring of his father:' he dreams that his mother has fallen a victim to the dreaded pestilence. His dream proves but too true: as was gathered from the following affecting colloquy between himself and his father:

'DEAR father, since the nearest and dearest relative on earth has left us, why need we tarry here any longer, and expose ourselves to the mighty pestilence? Let us flee from the impending danger, while there is strength remaining.'

'But, my son, what will we do with the remains of your dear mother?'

'Let us bury it in the garden, for that is all that is incumbent upon us, to have the remains of our departed relative decently interred.'

'After the morning had fully dawned, SOLUM's father went out to get some one of the neighbor's to act in the capacity of an undertaker, but he was greatly astonished to find no one in the streets. All was silent, as if hushed in the still repose of mid-night slumber. No one responded to his calls, which frightened him more and more. He at last gave up the idea of finding living humanity in town, thinking that he and his son might be the only specimens remaining.

'He returned to communicate his sad experience to his son. SOLUM was greatly astonished to hear that no one had survived the pestilence but he and his father. He thought of his dear LELIA, and wondered if she had become a victim to the pestilence along with her neighbors. He resolved to ascertain. As he was about to go to search for his lady-love LELIA, his father said to him: SOLUM, will you leave me alone?'

'No, dear father,' said SOLUM affectionately: 'I wish you to accompany me to one of the neighbors, if you please, for I am very anxious to know.'

'Know what, my son?'

'The emotions of SOLUM's heart can be easily imagined, but not experienced *ad libitum*. He was afraid to say that he wished to know whether LELIA was alive or not, because his father was not aware of their attachment; for the affair was but too recently transacted for his father to have a knowledge or detail of the proceedings.

'SOLUM's father did not repeat the interrogation, but accompanied his son, expecting to ascertain, by experience, the place he (SOLUM) intended to visit. SOLUM entered the house, and the first thing that met his gaze was the lifeless remains of his dear LELIA. Oh! that moment: that mournful moment! — that moment in which SOLUM's sorrowing eyes just met the lifeless, marble-like body of his much beloved LELIA! You may imagine that his thoughts were not those of a pleasurable character.'

After this 'sad experience,' SOLUM and his father flee from the pestilence to the mountain of Aleova:

'SOLUM and his father still continued to clamber up the rugged side of Aleova, with untiring vigilance; anon they struggle through thickets and underbrush; then over craggy rocks; until their intense thirst compelled them to relinquish their ardor to ascend, and go in search for a brook where they might slake their intense thirst. They halted for the first time to listen, if possibly they might hear the distant murmurings of a merry brook. Whilst they stood listening, no one seemed to dare break the wonted silence. They thought they could hear the distant music of water playing over beds of rocks and stones; but it was only imagination. No water was near to quench their craving thirst. The father could stand it no longer; he said that he must die ere that wanted liquid could be obtained. His lips began to turn pale and death-like. SOLUM thought of the plague, and knew it was that that was the cause of such intense thirst.

'The father laid himself down, as he said, upon the leaves to die. 'Dear SOLUM,' said he, 'I must leave you all alone to tread your weary journey. The plague—that dire plague—is fast taking hold of my vitals. I feel that the struggle will soon be over. When I am dead, leave me, and pursue your journey with unabated energy. Look not back upon your once-trodden pathway, lest the unwelcome messenger of Death overtake you.'

'Father,' said SOLUM, 'if you die here, might I not as well remain with you: yes, and die by your side?—for what is my life to me, after you are taken from me? If I continue on in my journey, I am liable every moment to become a victim to the dreadful plague; for we all inhaled its poisonous air into our systems, ere we abandoned Oleva.'

'No, no,' said his father, 'you must not do so. You must obey my dying injunction. You are not at all likely to become a subject of the pestilence; for your habit of life has been so entirely different from the mass of your fellow-men, as to render you almost, I would say, exempt from its sad influences. You have cherished the pure, unsophisticated air of morning, whilst we and our neighbors were slumbering in our dormitories. You appear to be in the midst of health, beauty, and vigor of life. You must not think that because I fall a victim to the destructive pestilence on this lonely mount, that you will; because I felt the hand of death preying upon me ere we left our native town; but I did not wish to communicate the sorrowful fact to you, for fear that you would become so disheartened as to cause you to linger in the pestilential atmosphere that surrounded Oleva, and thus fall a victim to its deleterious influence.'

We cannot pursue farther the thoroughly 'revolting' incidents of this terrible pestilence. SOLUM is soon 'himself again;' although we cannot help thinking that if he had been any body else, he would have been a gainer by the change. Thenceforward, 'he determined to banish from his mind all sorrow and sadness, and think of the future, for he began to find that sorrow was preying too largely upon his thought to fit him for future usefulness and prosperity. Sorrow when long cherished, will cause the blooming cheeks of youth to fade, the once ruddy countenance to vanish into the pallor of disease, yes, and even death. It causes the bright and sparkling eye that bespeaks joy and mirthfulness, to lose its lucid glare, and assume the dull and inanimate look of misfortune; it causes the once vigorous and healthy system of man to dwindle down to nothing short of a querulous invalid.' 'Our hero' now turns hermit, in the gloomy woods of 'Aleova's extensive mountain;' lives wholly in the forest; sees nobody for a long time, and 'do n't want to;' but finally meets accidentally one day with a shepherdess. When he first saw her, 'he halted, for fear if he approached any closer, she would be seized by some malady as a consequence of fright.' After they had stared at each other to their satisfaction, the following conversation broke the silence:

SPARKLING DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE HERMIT AND THE SHEPHERDESS.

'WHERE did you come from, my friend?' asked the shepherdess.

'I came from my cottage, which is situated far into the shady forest of Aleova, thank you.'

'The forest of Aleova, did I understand you to say?'

'Yes ma'am, that was what I said.'

'Your cottage must be a great ways from here, or you have not been there very long,' said the shepherdess in a friendly manner.

"Yes ma'am, the distance is considerable, I have been travelling ever since daybreak, with the exception of the time that storm passed over."

"If I may be so inquisitive, stranger, where was you during the storm, for I don't perceive any vestige of it on your person."

"Respected miss, do not fear being too inquisitive, you may consider it your prerogative to ask such questions as your ladyship may think proper. But in answer to your question, I fled to Mount Aleova near by, where I found a projecting ledge of rocks, forming a small grotto, which afforded me the necessary shelter."

"Well, I am glad to learn that you obtained shelter, for it was truly a fearful storm," said the shepherdess in a spirit that indicated that a feeling of affection was kindling up in her heart for the homeless wanderer, as their interesting conversation continued.

"I thank you very much, respected maiden, for the sympathy you seem to have on my behalf, but I do not feel worthy of so much attention," said SOLUM with emotion.

"Not at all, stranger, it has always been my disposition to exercise a charitable and hospitable spirit toward strangers." This the shepherdess said to cloak her previous expressions, for she began to think that she had expressed herself rather more freely than was her modest desire.

"Friend," said the shepherdess, "as you were so kind as to give me the liberty of interrogating you at pleasure, I sincerely hope that you will not consider me bold in case I should, at least partially, accept your kind offer."

"No ma'am, no danger, proceed with pleasure," said SOLUM.

"I thank you, stranger. What is your occupation? what did you follow for a livelihood?"

"I am what you might justly term a hermit. I subsist on the fruits of my little garden, together with the game I kill in the Aleovan forest, and the fish I catch in the brook that murmurs so sweetly by the hermitage."

"So you always manage to procure enough of nature's bountiful supply to subsist on?"

"Yes ma'am, I do, and for which I am afraid I have not felt half thankful enough."

"You have no family, I believe," said the shepherdess, seemingly more anxious than ever to learn his history, but in her heart she dreaded his response, the reason my reader can easily guess. . . . "Pardon me, stranger, for neglecting to ask you whether you had any thing to eat since morning, the excitement of the occasion entirely banished the question from my mind until now."

"I thank you, miss, for your kindness, I must confess I have not eaten any thing since morning. I was quite hungry when I was sitting by the brookside, but I declare I had forgotten all about it."

"If you will accept the scanty meal I shall offer, I will keep you waiting no longer, for you cannot be otherwise than very hungry."

"I thank you very much indeed, but I am pretty sure that what you denominate 'a scanty meal' will be a luxury to me, for you must remember that a hermit cannot have all the dainties and luxuries which you, or others in a similar situation, possess."

Without further conversation the shepherdess went to her basket and brought the remains of her dinner, which was biscuit and cold meat, and sat them before the hermit. He thanked her very much for her kindness, and commenced eating the proffered meal. It tasted better to him than any meal he had eaten since he had left Oleva. There was something in the victuals, that made him relish it, more than usual. It was the saline ingredient, a condiment he long had wished for, without which, food seems to lose its wanted taste.

"Respected miss, I presume you are ready to say, that I must have been hungry, after having demolished the remnant of your victuals."

"Yes, Sir, I am ready to confess that you must have been hungry, but not from the fact of your having eaten the remaining biscuits, but I am sorry that there was not more."

"I thank you, miss, I had quite a plenty; I could not have eaten any more."

"I presume it did not taste natural to you, being used to meals of a different character."

"I must confess it did not taste like my accustomed meal, but vastly superior. It was decidedly the best meal I have eaten since I was but a small youth," said SOLUM.

SOLUM has a 'hankering desire' to fall in love; and this shepherdess, VESTILIA, affords him the opportunity. In a very short time he is 'in for it;' and the same simplicity, fervor and originality characterize their 'love-talks,' whose intense platitudes no modern writer would think of surpassing,) which distinguished the tender colloquial passages between SOLUM and LELIA, which we cited in our last. Take the following, as a 'specimen-brick.' The lovers, according to the book, had 'met by chance, as the poet says;' and 'when they had *fully* met, the following, among other conversation, issued:'

"Oh! good morning, SOLUM, how do you do this beautiful morning?—have you recovered from the effects of yesterday's hardship?"

"Yes, ma'am, I thank you. I feel entirely restored to my usual feelings. I rested very well last night, slept very soundly."

"I am very glad to hear it, indeed, SOLUM. You must have risen very early this morning, did you not?"

"Yes, ma'am; but that is an old habit of mine, which I have lived up to since I was a mere child; but I very seldom had the extreme pleasure of meeting one of the fairer members of society in my rambles; but do not infer, from that, that I am not fully able to appreciate what I now enjoy."

"Oh! no, SOLUM, there is no danger of such heartless conclusions on my part. I feel exceedingly glad that I am permitted to meet you here alone, for I have many things of great interest to communicate to you; but I did not expect such a blessed opportunity, until you had left for your respected destination."

"Pray, what is the difficulty that you allude to now?" asked SOLUM, with a look of anxiety.

"SOLUM, I feel rather delicate to express what I mean," replied VESTILIA, with a pitiful expression on her face.

"O dear VESTILIA! do tell me what that difficulty is, that seems to weigh down your innocent heart. I vow, if you will but communicate the secret to me, I will lend my endeavors to ameliorate the matter."

The trouble was, that the 'old folks' would n't let VESTILIA marry SOLUM. 'It is an old adage, but no less true on account of its seniority, that 'the course of true love never runs smooth.' At least it appeared so whilst SOLUM and VESTILIA travelled it. They had scarcely commenced to tread its fabled bowery walks, when the angry thorns of difficulty and trouble began to prick their tender feet, so unaccustomed to such subtle foes. They had but commenced to love each other, with pure, undefiled affection, when obstacles of enormous magnitude obstructed their amatorial pathway.' We close our extracts with the following thrilling adventure:

'SOLUM is now at the beautiful lake mentioned in a previous chapter, where he resolves to remain for dinner. He intends to catch some of the myriads of fishes that were sporting in the lake, to dine upon; and in order to execute that intention, he took his knapsack, which was stored bountifully with biscuits and other eatables, from the generous hand of VESTILIA, into the forest, some ways, and placed it upon a large rock, upon which he intended to dine, when all preliminaries were executed. He left the rock, and went a small distance into the thick forest, to select a fishing-pole, when he came to a venerable old beech tree, which furnished him with the requisite material. While he was cutting the fishing-rod, he turned round to observe whether his provision was all right or not, when he was frightened to see a guest at his dinner-table, of no ordinary appearance. The huge monster in question took hold of the knapsack, and dragged it off the rock, for his own amusement. It was a large black bear, a frequent denizen of the dark and shady wood, adjacent to lofty mountains. The animal was hungry, and seemed anxious to know if there was anything in the knapsack that would suit his any thing but fastidious taste. But whilst Bruin was going through these series of manipulations, SOLUM was not looking on with the eye of complacency. He did not intend to let the shaggy-hide rob him of his dinner, without letting him (Bruin) know that he was desirous of a divide. But what was SOLUM to do. His unerring rifle lay beside the knapsack, and the whole under the auspices of Bruin. In such an awful dilemma he had never been before; but he at last resolved to wait until the bear had commenced that process of dining called *prehension*, when he would probably be able to steal unawares and snatch his deadly weapon, when he would be more than a match for monster Bruin. The snatching of the rifle from the protection of the bear, was a daring adventure, whereby he might have easily lost his life; and the sequel to such a sad fate my reader can easily imagine for himself, without leaving the task for me to accomplish for him.

'The noise that SOLUM made in procuring his gun, made Bruin utter a dissatisfied *whew!* but when his fright had somewhat subsided, he looked around to observe who had treated him in such an unfriendly manner, when he observed SOLUM; at that moment he set up a savage growl, as much as to say, 'Intruder, if you wish to preserve a piece of your personage for your specimen-case, as a relic of your former greatness, you had better leave the contested ground while you are able;' but at that favorable look, SOLUM discharged his piece, when it sent a ball whizzing into his (Bruin's) brazen countenance, which gave him a kind of headache, not often long supportable, and a necessary conse-

quence, Bruin keeled over, thus yielding the field to his victor, SOLUM, much to the dissatisfaction of his usual indomitable disposition. SOLUM rejoiced that he was permitted to spoil Bruin's fun, as well as suddenly rob him of his appetite, for he considered, that all that was in his knapsack might be of service to him hereafter, if not at present.

There: our notice is at an end. And now we beg leave to ask, if it is not almost inconceivable that such a work as this should have slept unnoticed by the public, and the public press, for so many long months? Such 'studies' in language; such rounded periods; such a natural flow of sentences; such beautiful reflections! Surely *now* we may claim that 'The Hermit of Aleova' is a work which the world will 'not willingly let die.'

POEMS BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M.D. In one Volume: pp. 360. New-York: MASON BROTHERS, Numbers 5 and 7 Mercer-street, New-York.

THE author of this volume belongs to the medical profession, to which he has long been assiduously devoted: but we are glad to know that he has found leisure to write so frequently and so well. The contents of the book are of unequal merit in execution, but the whole is informed with the true poetical spirit. Very modestly and gracefully the author says in his brief preface: 'Whilst I am not indifferent as to the verdict which the critics and time will pass upon these effusions, I have published them for the purpose, as Mrs. BROWNING expresses it, 'of throwing them behind me, so as to leave clear the path before, toward better aims and ends.' We present two examples of the writer's style: the first, '*The Old Country-Church*,' being a charming picture of nature, exceedingly faithful, as we can verify, in *almost* all its details, by going scarcely a stone's-throw from 'Cedar-Hill Cottage:'

'UPON a hill remote,
Embosomed in a brotherhood of trees,
The ruined Church appeared. The wooden stile
Had rotted to its fall, the leaning fence
Creaked in the wind of summer. Grass had grown
Across the path and ventured to the door,
Luxuriant boughs lay on the swagging roof,
Which, like the face of some old rock, appeared
Rugged and brown and covered o'er with moss,
Dripping with moisture. Through the shattered panes
The swallow passed with straw upon her bill,
Or earth-worm for her young. The prowling poor,
Or passing emigrants hard by encamped,
Had broken the shutters for their evening fire.
The humbler graves, that once were decked with flowers,
The head-boards gone, the foot-stones all displaced,
Were sunken deep and full of withered leaves.
The slender railing which had once inclosed
The separate family had fallen down
And let the intruder in. Rankly the weeds
O'er-topped the battered monuments, and hid
The rural records of forgotten things.

'Such was the spot: and there in autumn time,
When parting sun-shine clad the distant hills
In all the golden drapery of eve,
Have I reclined for hours, and unappalled
By the unmoving spectres of the place,

Silence and Desolation, have called up,
 By sweet Imagination's fairy power,
 The long-entranced Spirit of the past,
 For my companion. Warming Memory
 Relit the pleasing pictures that for years
 Were latent on the canvas of the soul.
 The vestiges of rank decay were gone,
 And the bright Sabbath brought the eager crowd
 To the old church again. The rustic vehicles
 Groaned o'er the stony road. Along the fence
 And by the trees the patient horses stood.
 The plain old elder of the flock was there,
 Close to the desk, and lined the ancient psalm;
 The portly matron in her snowy cap,
 Slyly observant of the pranking boy;
 The bare-armed infant on the nurse's knee;
 The buxom girls, unconscious of their charms,
 Or archly imitative of the town;
 The awkward stripling, whose untutored face
 Betrayed his artless love; the minister
 With kindly look and gentle word for all,
 Austere and chilling only in his creed.
 I heard the prayer, and the concluding hymn,
 Whose echoes lingered round the jutting eaves
 And dipt away into the quiet wood.
 But with the glimmering of the twilight hour
 The spell would break, and the approaching shades
 Unpeeped the old church again.

But still,
 Though human footstep rarely treads the scene,
 Nature hath left her sounds and colors there,
 And many beautiful forms of forest life
 Surround the spot and evermore maintain
 Inaudible worship of the Deity.
 The birds fulfil their offices of love
 In every nook. The plaining stock-dove coos
 All the bright noon-day from the rustling oak.
 The truant bee and velvet butterfly
 Flit o'er the rugged mounds. From bench to bench
 The cautious spider weaves his filmy snare.
 The enamelled serpent by the crumbling step
 Enjoys the sunny beam. In the still night
 The dreary owl and lonely whip-poor-will
 Mourn to each other on the shuddering air.
 The dews come softly to the hoary walls,
 And moon-light sleeps upon the silent floor.'

'*The Infant in Heaven*' will hopefully touch many a bereaved mother's heart:

'WHERE Death, in yon deserted ground,
 His garnered harvest keeps,
 Beside a small and verdant mound,
 A lonely mother weeps.

'Upon the glittering turf she sits,
 Like one in mournful dreams,
 The trusting bird around her flits,
 So motionless she seems:

'In attitude of one whose mind
 Implores a word of cheer,
 Who e'en unto the whispering wind
 Inclines an anxious ear.

'She sees by more than fancy's light
 The pale, cold face below,
 Whose infant roses were so bright
 A few sad days ago.

'Meanwhile, beyond the curtaining skies,
 The Lost One finds his rest,
 And leans, with love-illuminated eyes,
 Upon an angel's breast.

'A nursling of the heavens, he lives
 In heaven's eternal bloom;
 But Nature's holy tie survives
 The passage of the tomb:

'For list! what does the loving breeze
 Unto the mourner speak?
 And see! a sun-beam through the trees
 Hath kissed the mourner's cheek!

'O weeping mother! couldst thou read
 The symbols round thee given,
 Thy gladdened heart would surely heed
 These messages from heaven!

OCCASIONAL PRODUCTIONS, POLITICAL, DIPLOMATIC AND MISCELLANEOUS: including, among others, a Glance at the Court and Government of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and the French Revolution of 1848. By the late RICHARD RUSH. Edited by his Executors: with a copious Index. In one Volume: pp. 535. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY. 1860.

THE refined elegance of the present volume is only to be equalled by the interest of the work. The variety of subjects, all of which are ably treated and well defined, is only in accordance with the versatile power of the living mind that looked at man and penetrated works. The expressive manner in which the various sojourns abroad are described; the accidental delays at way-side places; the visits of special purport to Hageley and Holkham; the kind and affectionate remarks relative to Lord LYTTELTON and his peculiar characteristics; and the social method of corresponding with his honored spouse, beget love for the man and his idiopathic views, and unfold the hidden path of his intellectual movements.

While the life of the DOCTOR gives forth the lineaments of his inner self, the superior steel plate exposes, with a grateful force, the features of the gentleman philosopher. The author of the 'speech on the occasion of the meeting of the friends of the Constitution and Union' at once evinces talent and betrays no weakness. The family of RUSH has for more than one generation displayed a power of analytic thought and sententious brevity of treatment in the literary and scientific world, that must associate honor with industry, and join integrity with principle. The autographic letters of WASHINGTON are replete with genial thoughts and private interest; and the comprehensive style of the minister, RICHARD RUSH, is eminently calculated to awaken feelings of respect for his learning and inspire a lasting regard for the justness of his views. This volume is an addition to the politics and history of our country.

JACK IN THE FORECASTLE, OR INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF HAWSER MARTINGALE. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE, AND COMPANY, 117 Washington-street.

THE romance of the sea has always had a strange charm for boys: and many a grave 'Respectability' has been sorely grieved by the determination of his first-born to see for himself the wonders of the deep. The modes of dealing with this epidemic have been various. Some send the youth to school, from which he soon runs away. Some immediately provide outfit, and so destroy all excuse for running away, and the romance of sea-life. But others, more sensibly and economically, provide just such a book as 'JACK in the Forecastle,' a perusal of which is sure to be followed by an intense disgust at the hard labor, coarse food, impure water, oppression, foul odors, disease, etc., etc., attending the life they had thought so delightful. Whether the book before us was written with that intent we do not know, but think few landsmen will admire a sailor's life much after reading it. It is a handsome volume, of over four hundred pages.

POEMS OF GEORGE P. MORRIS: with a Memoir of the Author. In one Volume of Gold and Blue': pp. 366. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS beautiful volume of our friend General MORRIS's is not a 'convenient' one for a critic. Every thing which he has written has become so well known, and so widely popular, that to quote, is only to furnish forth 'JOHNNY THOMPSON's news: ' yet, as touching who was 'JOHNNY THOMPSON,' or what his 'news' was, we are, as LEAR says, 'mainly ignorant.' But read these two little pieces, 'brief as woman's love,' from our old friend and contemporary's pen, which, for a wonder, we do not remember ever to have encountered before:

Come to me in Cherry-Time.

'Come to me in cherry-time,
And, as twilight closes,
We will have a merry time,
Here among the roses!
When the breezes crisp the tide,
And the lindens quiver,
In our bark we'll safely glide
Down the rocky river!

'When the stars, with quiet ray,
All the hill-tops brighten,
Cherry-ripe we'll sing and play
Where the cherries ripen!
Then come to me in cherry-time,
And, as twilight closes,
We will have a merry time
Here among the roses.'

Thank God for Pleasant Weather.

'THANK GOD for pleasant weather!
Chant it, merry rills!
And clap your hands together,
Ye exulting hills!
Thank Him, teeming valley!
Thank Him, fruitful plain!
For the golden sun-shine,
And the silver rain.

'Thank God, of good the giver!
Shout it, sportive breeze!
Respond, O tuneful river!
To the nodding trees.
Thank Him, bud and birdling!
As ye grow and sing!
Mingle in thanksgiving
Every living thing!

'Thank God, with cheerful spirit,
In a glow of love,
For what we here inherit,
And our hopes above!
Universal Nature
Revels in her birth,
When God, in pleasant weather,
Smiles upon the earth!'

WHEAT AND TARES. In one Volume : pp. 482. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS, Pearl-street, Franklin Square.

THIS is a *natural* work. It will please all readers, whose tastes and human feelings have not been utterly obliterated by the blood-and-thunder 'sensation' romances of the time, which have found, and we are afraid still find, so many admirers. The story we understand to be from the pen of a young English lawyer : if so, we can only say, that if, in the '*pursuit of Law*,' he should not *overtake* it, he can fall back upon Literature, without a doubt of ultimate success. His book 'has the atmosphere of truth and the vigor of sincerity, and is executed with uncommon freedom, delicacy, and skill.' The following synopsis of the story is taken from an excellent notice in the New-York '*Saturday Press*,' a beautifully-executed and ably and honestly-conducted journal, which is slowly but surely winning its way to public favor :

'THE scene of the story is laid in a pleasant little town on the south coast of England. It is Summer. In the Rectory, the home of Archdeacon ASHE, a merry company is assembled for the season. The characters introduced are the Archdeacon himself, an odd, genial, attractive old gentleman ; his wife, a queenly woman, with a strong sense of propriety ; his guests, Mrs. LESLIE and her children, RACHEL, REGINALD, and ROBERT ; ELLA BATHURST, the fiancée of REGINALD ; and Mr. WYNNE, a solicitor. Beside these, there arrived in the course of the story, GRACE FEATHERSTONE — a charming little creature, worthy of her name, who became governess at the Rectory ; the Dean of Oldchurch, an elegant Machiavellian ecclesiastic, the most sinful, and — for that reason, perhaps — the most agreeable fellow of the lot ; the Bishop, Lady RAFFISH, the Rev. Mr. LANSDALE, an earnest parson ; the Rev. Mr. ATHERTON, a virtuous humbug ; Lord BUZZINGTON ; and a number of other — useful and ornamental — people, who float in and out according to circumstances.

'These persons being assembled, the drama proceeds ; and, although there is nothing very novel either in its incidents or situations, the reader is agreeably interested to the close. Like most other modern stories, it is chiefly concerned with what may be described as the superficial aspects of 'the course of true love ;' but, unlike most other stories, so charmingly are all these adjusted and exposed, that the entire work becomes an exquisite photograph of real life. Trifles have no undue importance. We are not requested either to wail over exaggerated grief, or to prance with spasmodic joy. There is neither the sickly whine of sentiment nor the lugubrious plaint of morality. The characters are natural, and vividly portrayed. The bits of description occur gracefully, and sometimes, as in the chapter about LANSDALE's sermon, with excellent dramatic effect. The conversations are skilfully managed. We seem to be hearing the unaffected talk of clever people, who are always sprightly and often brilliant. And throughout, the story is pervaded with a spirit of genuine humor, refinement, good sense, and feeling, that makes it altogether delightful.'

One who writes so well as the author of 'Wheat and Tares,' we may well assume, will not be long idle. We shall expect to hear from him again, 'and that right early ;' for his popularity is only just in its 'ascendant.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE MIDNIGHT BANQUET.'—We do not know to whose kindness we are indebted for the startling and spirited sketch, entitled as above: but this we *do* know, that he cannot write *to* us, nor *for* us, too frequently to be always most cordially welcome:

'In the very heart of the city of Paris stands a strange and gloomy-looking building. Its style of architecture is mixed; parts of it reminding one of the middle ages: later additions bearing the style of later years.

'Of all Paris prisons this is the gloomiest — this is the Conciergerie. What a host of victims are brought before our minds by the mention of this one word, '*Conciergerie*!' It is the oldest of all the prisons. Turn over the leaves of its ancient entry-book, and you will find page after page of its records made illegible. Till at length our eyes discern this record of RAVAILLAC, dated May sixteen, 1610. And here is his sentence: 'To be conducted to the Place de Grève, and there upon the scaffold to have his breast and arms, thighs and calves of his legs lacerated with red-hot pincers; his right hand, which had held the knife with which he had committed the said 'paricide,' to be burned off in a fire of sulphur: and into all his wounds to be thrown melted lead, boiling oil, burning pitch, and wax and sulphur mingled. This done, his body to be drawn and dismembered by four horses, and afterward consumed by fire, and his ashes thrown to the winds!'

'And now, as we turn page after page, we can clearly read names of illustrious men and beautiful and innocent women. Here the name of Louis the Sixteenth, and there that of MARIE ANTOINETTE.

'It is a remarkable fact that Louis the Sixteenth was the first monarch who really interested himself in the improvement of prisons.

'A little farther on, and twenty-five illustrious names are grouped together. VERGNAUD's heads the list, and with his name we call to mind the reign of JACOBIN fury, and the destruction of the Girondists. How much of the history of Paris is written in her prisons! What strange scenes have these walls witnessed! If 'the stone could cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber could answer it,' would not our lips turn pale, and our blood run cold, at the terrible recital of mortal suffering?

'The cells of the Girondists remain just as they were left on the execution morning. The walls are covered with writing, but the writing is not with ink. It looks very like blood: and drawing nearer, we find it even so, and read with interest sentences

like these: 'True liberty is that of the soul.' 'Even God may look with pleasure upon a brave man struggling against adversity.' 'The day is not more pure than my heart.' And here is one in larger letters and bolder hand: it is VERGNAUD's own, written with his blood: 'Death is preferable to dishonor.'

'It was mid-night of October Thirtieth, 1793, when the little band of patriots were led from their mock trial back to their gloomy cells. To give the death-blow to this party, thirty of the most illustrious had been arrested. Five made their escape, but the others scorned flight, and resolved to meet death with the unflinching fortitude which they had displayed through all their dangers. Weary months were spent in prison, till their prison garments were all in tatters, and their long beards and tangled hair hung about their haggard faces.

'At length the time of their trial draws near. It is but a mock trial, yet there lingers in the breasts of some of them a faint hope of pardon — oh! *how* faint! It is only the last flickerings of hope before it dies out forever.

'Guilty!' is the verdict upon them all. As the fatal sentence is pronounced, VALAZÉ draws a little dagger from his breast, and plunging it into his heart, falls lifeless to the ground. His companions gather around him; some almost frantic, some strangely calm — all of them pale as death.

'The sentence goes forth, that the lifeless body shall be taken back to prison with his companions, and on the morrow be carried to the scaffold, where the cruel axe shall fall upon the cold, stiff neck, that his enemies may have their full triumph, and satisfy their fiendish hate. VERGNAUD refuses to take the poison secretly conveyed to him by his friends, choosing rather to follow his brave companions.

'Mid-night in the Conciergerie! — dark, silent, cheerless as the grave! Here and there a prisoner waits and listens anxiously for the return of the doomed. Soon their voices are heard, and the grand notes of the Marseillaise echo through the long corridors like a funeral dirge. The prisoners start from their sleep: hope dies within them; for this is the signal agreed upon if condemnation is passed. Many a wretched man presses against the grating of his cell-door to take his last look and bid farewell to his patriot friends.

'And now a strange scene is enacted, which is transmitted to us by the Abbé LAMBERT, who came to administer to them the consolations of religion. Through the half-opened door he watches their every look and action, and records their words. The oaken table is covered with a rich cloth. Servants hurry in and out, bearing lights and richest dishes, and beautiful flowers! In a few moments a rich banquet is before them. This feast has been prepared by a wealthy friend, who was concealed in Paris, and who knew not whether it would be a joyful banquet or a feast of death. It is the feast of death, and DEATH itself is there! VALAZÉ's corpse lies on the floor.

'How the light flickers upon these haggard faces as they gather around the table! They nerve themselves to calmness: some even jest and sing and raise the loud laugh. Fearfully the laugh echoes from the naked walls, sending a thrill of horror even to the heart of him who raised it.

'As the costly dishes are carried from the room, and wine and flowers alone grace the table, the doomed to die turn to one another for support. 'What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?' says one. 'Sleeping the sleep that knows no waking,' answers a clear, firm voice. A moment's pause, during which those who have called cold philosophy to their aid, sit calm and unmoved; and then a deep voice breaks the silence. 'No! no! annihilation is not our destiny. We are immortal. These

bodies may perish. These living thoughts, these boundless aspirations, can never die. To-morrow, far away in another world, we shall think, and feel, and act, and solve the problems of the immaterial destiny of the human mind.' The song is hushed: forced laughter dies away. The beating of the heart can almost be heard, as it strikes against its prison-walls, and pants for immortality. Oh! there was not a God-created soul there that did not at that moment long for immortality.

'The gray light of morning struggles through the grated window. Exhausted they sink upon their beds and sleep. 'For why,' says one, 'should we lose one hour of sleep in regretting the loss of such a trifling thing as life? Let us sleep till we are called to go forth to our last sleep.' Some weep, others sleep.

'Five carts stand waiting for them in the prison yard. The crowd press upon them, as one after another they come forth to meet death. In the last cart four of the living are placed with the dead body of VALAZÉ.

'On their way to the scaffold they chant the 'Marseillaise,' not like a funeral dirge, but like a song of triumph. The song ceases for a moment while they take one long farewell embrace at the foot of the scaffold, and then the strain continues. The bloody axe silences voice after voice, till but one remains — it is VERGNAUD'S. Singing as he goes, he ascends the scaffold: a moment more and his voice is hushed forever.

S. A. R.'

THE 'CALIFORNIA LION': 'SAILOR JACK'S OX.'—We make welcome, and 'with pleasure,' of course, our 'California Lion' correspondent. His '*Sailor Jack's Ox*' is no whit inferior to the two widely-copied communications which have preceded them in these pages. We like correspondents who observe closely, tell a story tersely: who, in short, write briefly and to the point: and 'AH-SILE' is 'of them:'

'WHAT I dislike in our mode of life is dish-washing,' said GUS. TRUMP, as he rubbed off a platter with a cloth of doubtful purity. 'I do n't mind roughing it,' he continued, 'in fact, I rather like it; but I'm awkward at this business, and believe I shall never get my hand in; however, the job's done: so good-by to tin-cleaning for a couple of days. Here, CHARLEY, hang up your plate and cup and get out the cards; we'll have a game of euchre to decide who shall tote to-morrow's supply of wood.'

'Talk enough, if you'll make it 'old sledge,' replied CHARLEY BRICK. 'You sometimes beat me at euchre, but 'seven up' is my game. Here's the old deck: would n't do to play sharpers with these keårds, too many spots on the wrong side. What do you say — first short rub?'

'It was accordingly agreed that either CHARLEY BRICK or GUS. TRUMP, upon winning two 'legs' out of three of this well-known amusement, with varied appellations, called by some of the initiated 'all fours,' should be exempt from the toilsome duty of cutting or gathering in remote places, enough wood to serve the purposes of cooking and warmth during the ensuing day and night, and carrying the same into camp; which drudgery should be performed by the loser; while the successful party might suck comfort from his pipe and lazily look on in an easy 'pick-your-teeth' way. So, seating themselves upon a couple of stones of convenient size, and turning upon its

side between them a bag of flour as a substitute for a table, the cards were shuffled, cut, and dealt, and the game begun.

'While they are intently engaged in their exciting diversion, let us take a bird's-eye view of the premises, and what manner of men they were, shall appear in due time.

'The structure wherein our friends sat was situated by the bed of what in winter was a considerable stream, but was now shrunk by the long drought to a mere brooklet, along whose banks busy miners, in their eager search for gold, had made extensive excavations; while the unremitting sound of pick and shovel earnestly plied during day-light by stalwart arms, with the piles upon piles of stones and masses of earth, increasing continually in bulk, might have appeared to the wondering eyes of 'RIP-VAN-WINKLE,' had they first opened upon this scene after his long nap, like preparations for a siege made by the industrious inhabitants of Agua Frio, as the settlement was called, distant about a mile from the locality we are describing.

'It was a curious habitation for those who had always lived within walls of masonry, built 'upon the square.' Its site had been selected as adapted by nature for such a building. A perpendicular mass of slate-rock, with a flat surface, cropping from the base of a high hill, formed the back-wall of the shanty; against which, built with fragments of slate laid one upon another, rose the chimney, over a capacious fire-place, to a suitable height.

'The same mechanical arrangement of stones and slate composed the other walls, a few rocks being omitted in imitation of windows and door-way; and its external parts were completed by the addition of several rough timbers for rafters, which were covered with raw hides: another dry cow-skin constituting the door, which, for the sake of easy ingress and egress, was dispensed with, except at night, when it was secured by a temporary fastening. Inside were to be seen, by the light of a candle, which was thrust into the neck of a bottle, several pairs of blankets lying in rude bunks—'four-posters' the boys facetiously called these, as the upper frames, with the bark on, were supported on twice two pegs of green wood; some implements of the gold-hunter, pans, picks, etc., a quantity of provisions, among which pork was prominent, a few cherished old newspapers, and one or two frequently-thumbed KNICKERBOCKERS, together with the armory of a rifle, a double-barrelled gun, an old pistol, and several knives.

'High, low, game, to your Jack!' exclaimed Gus. exultingly: 'puts me out, CHARLEY. I think you said this was your game: do n't seem to know much about it. Perhaps there's some other you're better acquainted with: I'll gratify you, if you want your revenge.'

'No, no, Gus., not now: some other time: let those laugh who win, say I. I'm in for the wood: so stow away the paste-board and hand me 'Twenty Years After.' Upon my word, I think no book was ever so well read as this of DUMAS: it's been through the whole village, and I'm about to attack it the fourth time. Hope JIM will pick up something new to read before he gets back: but by-the-way, how long he stays. Wonder if his load's heavy to-night?'

'We may as well say here that this latter person was a partner of the two speakers in the prospective profits that might accrue to the firm from washing so many buckets of dirt, and on this occasion he had been sent to the store, with the company's purse and full power to purchase and bring home sundry necessities, including perhaps a quantity of tobacco, from whence his return had been expected.

‘‘Trust he won't break my bottle of liniment again, as he comes down the big cliff, for my rheumatism requires some of the lotion,’’ said Gus.

‘‘Old Bourbon is an excellent specific in that complaint,’’ suggested CHARLEY. ‘Egad! I begin to feel sympathetically affected; and if your remedy arrives safely, think I'll take a dose too: but what was ‘Long BILL's story about the fight at Mokelumne Hill?’

‘‘Why,’’ replied Gus., ‘he said — But listen a moment: I think I hear JIM, and I may as well relate it to both of you at once: look outside, CHARLEY, and see if that's he.’

‘CHARLEY did as was requested; but soon reported: ‘Nothing within sight or hearing, and Egyptian darkness.’

‘‘I thought I heard some one,’’ resumed Gus., ‘but I suppose I was mistaken. Well — as to the row?’

‘‘It seems then that certain Frenchmen had sunk a shaft to the depth of one hundred and twenty feet without finding the ‘color;’ and feeling discouraged, were about to abandon their claim; but some Yankees, who were near them, the other day struck paying dirt at a little greater depth. Thus encouraged, Monsieurs went to work again ‘with a will,’ and were soon gladdened by the sight of the *oro* — course — ‘ounces,’ by JUPITER!’ was BILL's expression. A party of broken gamblers and Sydney men, hearing of their luck, resolved to jump the claim and drive out the Frenchmen. They made the attempt, when of course a terrible fight ensued; but being too many for the French, the scoundrels got possession of the hole, and began to sweep the bed-rock. But with characteristic courage, the sons of France returned, reinforced by their countrymen; and while some engaged the enemy above ground, others, by means of the tackle and buckets, descended into the ‘drift,’ and there they had a hand-to-hand contest: but the rascals got the worst of it; several of them being killed, while their opponents escaped with a few cuts and flesh-wounds.’

‘‘By dad!’ said CHARLEY, using one of his familiar expletives, ‘that was a battle worth seeing: what plucky fellows those French are! This beats the attack upon the pirates, who were in a cavern under a cliff, (which I've read somewhere,) by engineering the assailants with derrick and fall into the abyss. How it would have been relished by the ‘Three Guardsmen!’ But what the deuce is that? I hear something now: hark! there it is distinct: it do n't sound like a man, either. Halloo, JIM, are you there?’

‘There was no response, however; and as the noise seemed to approach the hut, and was like the tread of a quadruped, moving stealthily, their countenances, as each looked inquiringly at the other, discovered somewhat of apprehension.

‘‘I'll bet it's one of those cursed Coyotes, expecting to find a frying-pan or a pair of old boots left outside to-night; but it wont do, Mister KY: we an't green enough to do that sort of thing more than once.’ So saying, Gus. placed his hands to his mouth, and raising his voice to Coyote concert-pitch, favored the surrounding wilderness with an imitation of that animal's varied notes, which were any thing but harmonious.

‘‘Hold on, Gus.,’’ said CHARLEY, suddenly interrupting his unearthly howling; ‘do you hear *that*? By dad! it's at our water-barrel: let me look through the crack by the door: I begin to smell a grizzly!’

‘Now CHARLEY was not deficient in courage; and no doubt would have faced ordinary perils with as much firmness as most men: but if there was any thing depicted in his imagination as a terror of terrors, it was a Grizzly Bear! As for Gus.,

his fears were sympathetic. Neither of the men had been long in the mines; and they had never seen Bruin: but his familiar ferocity had presented him to their fancy in a very formidable shape. Therefore, when CHARLEY placed his eye to the aperture, and saw by the barrel a large animal, whose exact appearance he could not make out in the darkness, but the first sight of which justified him in thinking it a 'grizzly' and no other; his alarmed astonishment can hardly be expressed.

'Thunder, Gus,' said he, in an energetic whisper, 'it is a bear, and no mistake; let's look to the guns;' and, seizing upon all the available weapons, each sought the most secure station for a desperate defence.

'But Bruin's appetite, perhaps not being sharp-set, he did not seem disposed to devour our friends at once; yet still kept their nerves in a state of agitation, occasionally intimating his continued presence by rubbing against the walls, apparently searching for a convenient place of entrance in his rambles round the cabin.

'This is what I call being in a 'tight place,' spoke CHARLEY, who was crouching behind his piece in the remotest corner of the fire-place, the handles of a pistol and knife protruding from his belt; 'I think I'll get up the chimney: may be I can get a shot at him from the top.'

'You won't leave me here, then!' replies Gus, from the highest bunk, where he had been looking out for the monster in anxious suspense. But by this time CHARLEY, suiting the action to the word, was half-way out of sight. Fortunately, however, there was room for both, and the climbing was easy.

'It was some time after reaching this reconnoitring position, that Gus, exclaimed, in a low voice: 'There he is, CHARLEY!'—and looking in the required direction, that worthy saw looming through the obscurity of night a big body.

'I say, Gus., it must be one of 'em: do you think it's safe to fire? I don't believe he could reach us here.'

'Why, the fact is, I would n't like to miss him; that is, if we do shoot, I hope we'll kill him,' answered Gus.; 'but if we let him off without a shot, what shall we say to Jim? He'd have the laugh on us; beside, this fellow is dangerous, and might molest our chum should he meet him.'

'And,' added CHARLEY, 'bear's meat is worth fifty cents a pound; so if we get this one, it'll be the best claim we could work, to say nothing of the credit it will give us for courage. Now let us sight over the top of the chimney, and when I say the word, both fire. There he stands still: take him under the shoulder, if you can: ready! fire!'

'There was a loud report; the beast leapt suddenly, then started off at a quick pace, and disappeared in the darkness; but had not gone far, before it was heard to fall heavily in a thick chapparal.

'He's down!' exclaimed both at once; and simultaneously JIM was heard shouting in the distance: his companions halloed in reply; when, reassured, he came up. The preceding circumstances were briefly related, and, providing themselves with bark torches, the trio went in search of the carcass. As they drew near the supposed spot, there was a visible nervousness in the party; but, persisting in the pursuit, presently they saw a considerable space, ahead on the trail, where the bushes had been crushed by the animal's weight.

'You never know when these bears are killed,' said JIM, 'I've heard old hunters talk about shooting pounds of lead into 'em, and not trusting them after that. Have your guns ready, boys, while I creep up a little nearer.' Finishing his speech, JIM cautiously advanced till his torch at last threw a glare full upon the dreaded

'Grizzly.' He gazed for a moment; then his breathless silence was followed by a low significant whistle; but no longer able to suppress language, he shouted: 'By BARNUM and the Fejee Mermaid! *Sailor Jack's Ox*, horns and all! — ha, ha, ha!' And JIM gave a loose rein to his risibility, while the others stared in blank amazement.

'Now Sailor JACK, who had won his soubriquet by a profane habit of speaking disrespectfully of his 'tarry tops,' and displaying other indications of 'saltiness,' had a claim remote from water, and had therefore procured an ox to enable him to cart his auriferous dirt where that element could be found in sufficient quantity for washing.

'After the day's work this stock was turned out to feed, and though he doubtless would have,

———'as well he might,
Thought a green meadow no bad sight;'

yet, as at this season of the year there were no 'pastures new,' content with dry grass and herbage, he had heretofore roamed at large, unconfined by fences, and fearing no lurking foe-man.

'During some moments JIM's merriment was of the most extreme kind; for, as he avowed between the convulsions, he would never have so good a cause of laughter again, so soon as he was out of one fit he relapsed into another. Perceiving at last an opportunity during a lull, CHARLEY suggested to GUS., intended as an interrogatory to JIM, 'A deuced dilemma this! — there'll be the Devil to pay.'

'Why there thou say'st,' returned JIM, very red in the face from recent exertion: 'Sailor JACK is not the most amiable of men at the best, and I imagine his disposition will not be much improved by this little incident.'

'Our party's bankrupt,' dolefully added CHARLEY; 'there's not enough dust in the bag to pay the bill: had n't we better *vamosé* before morning?'

'No, no: I have it,' quoth GUS., rather maliciously: 'think of what you said, CHARLEY, when we occupied a certain convenient place for shooting: 'bear-meat fifty cents a pound:' 'why then should not beef be valuable? There's *none* of it here.'

'Good!' put in JIM, 'I'll tell you what we'll do, boys: may be we can get out of this scrape whole yet: let's hunt the sailor up early; buy the dead body, and make it into butcher's meat.'

'It was finally agreed that a compromise should be made with JACK next day; and with this understanding all hands turned in for a night's rest. Before sunrise, the negotiators called on the owner of the steer, and explained, in a few words, that it had been slain by an accidental shot, without going into particulars, as it was concluded to keep the joke among themselves.

'The 'tar,' after giving his 'hulk' a list or two to port, and starboard, and finally righting, bestowing at the same time a left-handed benediction upon his 'gory dead-lights,' at last agreed to accept one hundred and fifty dollars as remuneration for his loss.

'JIM, who had some skill in almost every thing, immediately dressed the bullock; and, as the people thereabout had not been blessed with beef for a long time, it found ready sale, at a good price; so that instead of losing money by the occurrence, they actually netted a handsome profit. In short, it proved to be one of those apparent misfortunes that in the end are public benefactions: for the 'old salt,' although seemingly reluctant to settle, was really anxious to get rid of his quadruped; as, feeling

the 'old time' come over him, he longed to be again afloat. With the money realized by the sale, and some savings, he 'put about' for San Francisco; where, when grog and monte had deprived him of his last dime, he shipped for somewhere and a market. The hungry of Agua Frio had a taste of fresh beef, which they greatly needed and highly appreciated; and our miners, after turning the matter over in their minds, resolved to sell out their claim, and establish themselves permanently in the butchering business, at which they thrived apace. But whenever JIM, who was at the head of the firm of HORN, BRICK & Co., winked his eye, and said, 'Grizzly,' it was observed that GUS. and CHARLEY quietly withdrew.

However, JIM, in confidence, sometimes tells the story—he did to us—and always very justly attributed his success in life to '*Sailor Jack's Ox*.'

'Philadelphia, October, 1860.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Having ourselves, in moments of irrepressible gratitude, made occasional allusion to the capacities, facilities, and official kindnesses, to be seen and experienced in *Mr. John A. Gray's Mammoth Printing Establishment*, we are right glad to find our 'views' strikingly seconded and enforced, in an elaborate and exceedingly well-written editorial article in a late number of '*The Christian Intelligencer*,' a religious Dutch Reformed journal, edited with a vigor and ability which have secured for it a wide reputation and circulation. The article is entitled '*Something of Types*;' and passing the learned and thoughtful 'descant' upon the power and potency of the Printing Press, and its great want in past ages, we arrive at the following paragraphs, which will have an added interest to our readers, as well as to those of '*The Intelligencer*':

'SOMEWHAT in the above fashion we were musing, the other day, while waiting for 'proof'—an editor must '*prove* all things,' and not trust even types to their own whims:

'SEVEN stories high,
Just below the sky,

we sat, at the corner of Jacob and Frankfort-streets, in GRAY'S Mammoth Printing Establishment, waiting for *proof*. Below us was the deep but strong respiration of the steam-engine, driving remorselessly and unfeelingly as Fate the ponderous machinery yoked to its massive will. That engine moved resistlessly, yet with a sublime equability of revolution, a huge wheel, which carries a band that sets thousands of other wheels in motion. So in the life of an individual does a great idea, or in society does a great principle, propel the dependent mechanism of natural and moral forces. The steam-engine is an unfeeling revolutionist in many ways and toward many ends. It has conquered a vaster empire than even ALEXANDER dared to sigh or cry for. Higher-keyed and swifter-timed rang too the busy music of more than a score of 'power-presses,' filling every story and room with their proclamations of magical industry. We followed, in imagination, their many issues—newspapers, religious and secular, the sheets of new books soon to be in the hands of the million, the genial pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, and the solid columns of the *Eclectic*, labels for

druggists, placards for politicians, sweet hymns for little children, gilt cards for merchants. Every species of literature, in a word, which it is the office of the press to produce, was being thrown off from the long, tireless iron fingers of these uncomplaining machines.

'Would you like to take a look, good reader, through this immense establishment? If you enter with us some bright, cheery morning, very likely you will find on the first floor, in earnest consultation with Mr. GRAY, a dozen workers and notables in the literary world. There is a gentleman of impressive face, fire in the eye and determination on the brow. It is Dr. DIXON, 'the *Scalpel*' of the medical profession, author of many popular books on disease. He looks and talks as though he had no time to waste upon aimless conversation. 'Next the counter, who is he?' Oh! that is the '*Eclectic* and the *National Preacher*' in one, the Rev. Mr. BIDWELL, the Chevalier BAYARD of the metropolitan press. Urbane, benevolent in manner and look, he is just admiring with critical appreciation a new engraving by SARTAIN, which will embellish the next number of the *Eclectic*. 'And he with that new, fresh paper in his hand?' That is the Rev. Dr. BRIGHT, editor of the *Examiner*, a gentleman who has secured for his excellent journal a wide denominational appreciation. He is one of the most diligent of men. 'Coming out of that snug little *sanctum*, who is he?' LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, the most famous man of the American magazine world: the friend of COOPER, IRVING, BRYANT, and of many others whose names live in fame—whose 'Gossip' is a monthly feast, and whose humor is as inexhaustible as the Pierian spring. His fine head shows at a glance where all the fine things come from which have made the KNICKERBOCKER for so many years the delight of wits, scholars, poets, and littérateurs.

'But others are coming in, and we must go on. Passing heaps upon heaps of paper, waiting to be 'wetted down,' we go up an iron stairway, and here is the second floor. The door opens, and lo! an army of pressmen, devils, folders! and hark to the clattering of the swift-moving presses! One is 'rushing' the pages of books, another of a magazine, another of a newspaper—all busy, and every thing looks and 'smells of ink.' The History of Ink has been recently published in letters of gold, and it deserved to be; for what were thought to the world without ink? Here before us is a small deluge of it, applied artistically and scientifically and mechanically, to a wilderness of type, and lo! what flowers of poetry, and what trunks of massive thought, and what heavily-laden branches of precious fruit are produced! Let us advance—*Excelsior*!

'The fourth floor is gained. What a hive of industry is here!—girls folding and stitching, men pressing, cutting, covering, gilding, lettering, embossing, forwarding and finishing books, of all kinds allowable and fit! Do you exclaim, 'How much work it takes to make a book!' Yes, it does; but it requires better work to use it when made. For books are but refined rags, unless digested wholesomely, and used to right ends.

'Shall we proceed? The fifth floor! Printers, stereotypers, electrotypes, typesetters! Here you see how completely this establishment has been raised to the dignity of a 'typographical university,' for every thing can be done here which 'the art preservative of all arts' has yet attempted.

'Let us go higher. But be careful; we are getting now near the dominions of ROBERT and GEORGE GRAY, whose 'boys' are being pitched at all hours of the day from these giddy heights, to run all over the city, and collect 'copy' for the com-

positors. Let us avoid them! They are the pests of editors. They have been taught to limit their speech to two words, 'More copy!' 'More copy!' 'MORE COPY!' and these they go repeating around from office to office. No matter whether the editors have head-aches, finger-aches, or any other aches, these little fellows stick to their clamor, 'More copy!' Like cuckoos, they sing this song all the year, whether the Dog-stars rage, or the Pleiades hide away behind the sombre clouds of winter; for the press is as inexorable as the grave, crying through its keepers all the while, 'More!' Avoid these boys! Here we are at last, floor above floor, fifth, sixth, and seventh stories filled with type-setters — their 'sticks' and their 'forms' and their 'spaces,' their 'fat type' and 'type in pi;' here they are 'justifying,' here 'correcting,' here 'distributing;' here lie 'proofs,' and there 'revises;' there is a form 'locked up,' waiting its turn on the press.

'In yonder corner goes the 'dummy,' creaking with a load of paper that will quickly receive its destined 'impression,' and then it will off through the mails for all parts of the world. If you want to know how much minute labor, how much patient care, how much diligent attention is necessary to produce a newspaper, obey the epitaph of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN — '*circumspicite*.' Here is the laboratory which can tell you better than any printed paragraph what it is 'to get out a paper.'

'Is all this establishment under the care of one man?' Yes, it is! There are printed within it nearly forty periodicals, weekly and monthly, books by the thousand and tens of thousands, and every species of thing, big and little, which the press can supply, employing in all about Two Hundred Heads and Four Hundred Hands.

'Mr. JOHN A. GRAY is a practical printer: he acquired the 'art' in the office of the *Journal of Commerce*, and in 1837 began business on his own account, by undertaking the printing of the *Christian Intelligencer*, which he has continued to do until this present. Industry, integrity, enterprise, and a high order of capability, have at length raised him to the control of the largest printing-office on the continent. Mr. RICHARD PATRICK, a gentleman of ample fortune, is a special partner of Mr. GRAY. His wealth, united with Mr. GRAY's energy in this special business, has gradually built up a concern of truly gigantic proportions and capabilities; and among the establishments in this city which may well be regarded worthy of a visit, this Printing Establishment deserves special mention.'

Never was a cordial and 'well-worded' tribute better deserved than this. An intimate business-acquaintance of several years, and almost daily association, enable us to confirm its truth. - - - The recent early death of CHARLES G. EASTMAN has caused a painful sensation far beyond the limits of the community where he lived. He expired at Montpelier, (Vt.,) on the sixteenth of September last, at the age of forty-four years. Engrossed as he had been for a number of years past in the political struggles of the times, an acknowledged leader of his party in his own State, his chafed spirit sought a refuge from the angry conflicts of public life in the retirement of his home, and in the cultivation of his fine literary tastes. As a poet he was widely known as the author of many beautiful lyrics, whose simplicity and tenderness have touched the hearts of thousands, and continue popular until this day. These are his best trophies. They are the green laurel upon his brows. Though cast off in some happy moment of his youth, they will remain when the more ambitious labors of manhood in other fields have been forgotten. Five years ago, *Blackwood's*

Magazine, after some strictures upon his inequalities, paid a passing tribute to his merits, and quoted this little poem as a pure gem :

'Softly !
She is lying
With her lips apart ;
Softly !
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

'Whisper !
She is going
To her final rest ;
Whisper !
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

'Gently !
She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last !
Gently !
While you're weeping
She to heaven has passed.'

Scarcely over fifty words here, not more than might be used in an ordinary sentence, yet out of them is wrought a little work of genius. An elegant edition of Mr. EASTMAN's works, with a memoir by a competent hand, will in due time be issued from the press. - - - We have been heard to laugh 'some' at times, in our sanctum, we believe: but we doubt if a heartier guffaw ever came from it, than was awakened by the following '*Race with a Bull*,' for which we have to thank a new correspondent in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It almost eclipses '*The Cock-Fight in Havana*,' which we published some time ago: in which an American sailor unbagged an uncouth 'bird' in the 'pit,' which, after receiving unresistingly two or three powerful 'digs' from '*Black Sultan*,' his game antagonist, put one claw on his neck, and with the other — *pulled his head off!* He was an *American Bald Eagle*. Like the horse-racers below described, the Spanish 'sportsmen' growled and grumbled: but they were compelled to submit to an 'inglorious defeat:'

'Some forty years ago, the members of a race-course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, 'free for any thing with four legs and hair on.'

'A man in the neighborhood named HAYS had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him around the track a number of times, on several moon-light nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well, and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable, so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides.

'On the morning of the race, HAYS came upon the ground on horse-back — on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had dried an ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short tin-horn in his hand. He rode to the judge's stand, and offered to enter his bull for the race; but the owners of the horses objected. HAYS appealed to the terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had 'four legs and hair on,' and that therefore he had a right to

enter him. After a good deal of swearing, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run, and he was entered accordingly.

'When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places. The horse-racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that it would be over as soon as the horses started.

'When the signal was given, they did start. HAYS gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the side of the bull, who bounded off with a terrible bawl at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race-course before. The horses all flew the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and none of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to HAYS.

'A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of the purse, and if it had not been for HAYS' horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did.

'Upon this HAYS told them that his bull could beat any of their horses any how, and if they would put up one hundred dollars against the purse he had won, he would take off the ox-hide and leave the tin-horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. HAYS gave the bull another touch with his spur, and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses remembering the dreadful sound, thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again in spite of all the exertions of their riders, while HAYS galloped his bull around the track again and won the money.'

'Bully for the BULL!' - - - Yes, '*Little Children*,' two or three of you can come to the 'TABLE' now; but there are several more, good children too, who must 'wait a little longer.' The first we receive from a friend near by, (we are glad to know it,) accompanied by a very graceful and complimentary gossiping note to the Editor: 'R—— and M—— were sisters, the former exceedingly fair, the latter quite a brunette. One day, when R—— was about five years of age, she donned a little blue-silk hood, which had just been made for her, and her papa noticing its becoming effect upon her fair complexion, said to her: 'Come here, my white lamb.' Little M——, who was but three years old, stood a moment, looking sorrowfully at her papa, and then exclaimed: 'Pa, I'm just as good, if I *am* your black lamb!' It is needless to say that the father never spoke of 'white lambs' again, at least in the presence of a child capable of drawing inferences with such electrical acuteness.'—— '*LITTLE JIMMY*'s father keeps a confectionery and toy-store in this city; which, in common with all stores of that sort in the South, at 'Christmas-time,' undergoes an extraordinary metamorphosis, and is most elaborately 'fixed up.' Last Christmas, several things which used to decorate the store were being moved from an upper room, with the assistance of the children of larger growth, while JEEMS stood at the head of the stairs, evidently very much chagrined at not being allowed to assist, and soliloquized to himself, 'I wish I could call some body a damfool.' 'What's that!' said his father, who was passing and overheard

him. 'What is that you say, Sir!' 'Ram, dam-dam, dam-dam!' said Jimmy: 'that is the way the City Light-Guard's band goes!' The old gentleman immediately 'left the presence,' firmly convinced that his young hopeful was not to be caught 'saying bad words'—'not by no means ar'y sich.' *Apropos* of children: A little girl sends us a letter, inclosing another which she has just received from her 'good kind uncle,' who writes from the White Mountains—from the summit of the highest of them, which he says is a 'Tip-Top' place. His letter is embellished with a picture of *The Old Man of the Mountain*. Here ensues an extract:

'I SEND you a picture of the Old Man of the Mountain. He has got rather a hard face, but that is because his phiz is made of stone; and if he be not as handsome as some people, yet few have such enduring features and such an unfading complexion. This Old Man carries his head very high in consequence of his position, which is very *natural*. He is *up* in the morning early, but I am sorry to say he takes a little 'mountain dew' every evening. He is very 'set in his ways,' and never turns to the right or left for any thing or any body; but in winter he sometimes turns very pale in consequence of the snow-storms which prevail at that season of the year. This Old Man lives on the Franconia Mountains, and is very much 'looked up to,' not only by all the people in that neighborhood, but by those who live at a distance, who travel a great ways to have a look at him; but very few look him full in the face, and they therefore get a very one-sided view of him. He never shaves, though he has a little stumpy beard; and though he has few hairs on the top of his head, where the wool ought to grow, still each hair is a tree-mendous one. They are sometimes torn out by their roots by the lightning, and they sometimes leave themselves out altogether, in which case they keep very shady about it; but they are very 'green' if they do. The Old Man is stone-blind; and although he has got the 'rocks,' he is very poor: but he has a fine prospect before him. He never goes to sleep, though he is rocked every night. And this is the story of the Old Man of the Mountain. If I have not told you all, I have at least given you the principal features.'

Cleverish 'play upon words' this. - - - FAILING to receive, as promised, from a mutual friend of the lamented deceased, an adequate notice of *The late William Wilson, of Poughkeepsie*, we content ourselves for the present with the subjoined from the '*Poughkeepsie Daily Press*':

'MR. WILSON was a native of Perthshire, Scotland; and his thoughts and feelings were thoroughly imbued with the most noble associations of his native land, especially those which pertained to its literature of every kind. He had already assumed an honorable position in the world of letters before he left Scotland, and was an acceptable contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, *Chambers's Journal*, and other periodicals. After establishing himself in business here he continued his contributions to Scottish periodicals, and wrote several exquisite poems for *Tail's Magazine*, over the signature of 'ALPIN.' In a collection of Scottish poetry, published some twenty years ago, several from the pen of Mr. Wilson appeared, which are remarkable for their great delicacy of sentiment, vigorous thought and artistic construction. Over the signature of 'ALLEN GRANT' Mr. Wilson has contributed some meritorious poems to the columns of *The Albion*, *The Evening Post*, the *KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE*, and more recently to *The Chicago Record*, published by his

son. His last poem, written a few weeks since, while suffering from the distressing malady which terminated his life, was published in *The Record*, under the heading 'Work is Prayer,' and was as follows:

'LABORARE est orare.

Oh! grant us faith to work, and hope to win,
When jocund youthhood's morning's sun is shining,
'T is time the work of warfare to begin —
The Christian soldier's warfare waged with sin.

'Laborare est orare.

O FATHER! let our toil seem ever sweet!
When duty bids us still the task be plying;
The task that brings us daily to Thy feet,
To catch new glimpses of Thy mercy seat.

'Laborare est orare.

Though stern the harvest toil, the day's work long,
With thankful hearts our scanty sheaves we'll gather.
And strong in confidence, in trusting strong,
Still with our tears will mingle bursts of song.

'Laborare est orare.

We soon must lay our earthly armor down,
And in the heavenly land are legions waiting
To raise the choral welcome of renown,
And crown us with an everlasting crown.'

'Mr. WILSON was passionately fond of music, and has left behind him several compositions of considerable merit. Only a few days before his death, he composed an air of great beauty, to a poem by his friend HEW AINSLEE, the venerable Scotch poet, who visited him in July.

'But Mr. WILSON is better known to our citizens as one of our oldest, most attentive and laborious business men; upright in all his dealings, liberal to those in need and in the promotion of public benefactions, as far as prudence in his affairs would allow. He was one of the vestry who founded St. PAUL's Church, and, we believe, has been a member of that executive body ever since.

'Fluent in conversation, well educated, possessed of an extensive knowledge of authors and their productions, Mr. WILSON was always a most agreeable companion for intelligent men. Retiring and unobtrusive, he was seldom seen in social life, except in his business relations; and only a few knew his real worth as an intellectual man and most interesting companion. Those few who appreciated him, and who shared his confidence and friendship, will always remember with pleasure his genial good nature, his exuberance of spirits, his fund of anecdote, and his pure and delightful social qualities, as exhibited under his own roof — the elements of a true gentleman and pleasant friend. By those few he will be missed as such, and by the community at large, as one of our best-esteemed business men.'

We are glad to learn that Mr. WILSON's writings are to be collected into a volume, to be edited by his son, the editor of '*The Record*,' Chicago. They will find many admiring readers. - - - We admit to having received 'a shot,' the other day, from our friend, the author of St. LEGER. We passed him our hat on the spot. Listen to the 'tale,' reader, and judge if we did not do the correct thing. It was on the occasion of our lunching together over a bottle of LAFITTE of 1837: many a time for many a year now past has this same happened. Recollections of old times and old friendships began to glow within us, and gave to our feelings something of a tinge of sadness: insomuch that we could not

choose but say: 'Ah! well-a-day: one ought not to complain; we have reached the fifty-sixth volume of the KNICKERBOCKER; and, hard as we have worked, when the end comes, these volumes (whatever their number shall be) are all we have to leave for a finger-mark!' 'Perfectly true,' replied St. LEGER: 'unquestionably true; and I admit it to be a bad state of affairs. It reminds me of a story recounted by a romantic acquaintance, who has just returned from Europe, and who accomplished, among other agreeable things, a pedestrian tour through Warwickshire. According to his statement, he entered the little town of Stratford-on-Avon, in the afternoon: went to the village inn, dined, and, it being too late for any excursion, he stepped into the tap-room, and joined the company there assembled: an old-fashioned English country group. In a conspicuous place sat the village 'oracle,' with a comfortable pipe in his mouth, and a tankard of ale on the table before him — portly and stolid, good-natured and self-important. The presence of the American was soon discerned. He was easily drawn into conversation. Frankly he stated the object of his visit to be to enter the house in which SHAKSPEARE was born, and to go to the little church and behold where he was buried; and he declared that in no country was the great dramatist more appreciated than in America. It was strange; but no burst of enthusiastic approbation followed this announcement. All were silent. At length the 'oracle,' with complacent dignity, removed the pipe from his mouth, slowly drained the tankard, then put it down with the air of a person about to settle a vexed question once and forever: 'Young man,' quoth he, sternly regarding the Yankee pilgrim, 'I was born and brought up in this 'ere place, and I have heard of this man SHAKSPEARE all my life. I tell you, Sir, that he's very much overrated — and I'll tell you another thing, Sir, and you may put it in your pipe and smoke it — *if it had n't 'a been for them 'ere plays which he writ, no body would never 'ave known any thing about him!*'" We reflected a minute, and then we said to St. LEGER: 'Take our hat. For the future no more sickly Jeremiads because we have done up thus far but fifty-six volumes of the 'OLD KNICK!'" - - - In company with a friend, we rode from 'the Cottage,' on a late October morning, after a pair of fast and well-groomed nags, to the ancient village of Hackensack, New-Jersey. We had often been near it, that is to say, 'four miles and a half' from it — which is the invariable rule, wherever you may inquire — but had never entered its streets before. What a beautiful place it is! — with its long, broad, shaded streets, its neat dwellings, and opulent residences. In several respects, it reminds us, not a little, of Binghamton, in 'old Broome.' 'Which of these roads,' asked our friend, at a point on our way, 'is the best to take for Hackensack?' 'If you don't mind that *hill*,' was the reply, 'the left-hand road is the best.' We laughed: for the summit of the 'hill' in question, was at an elevation of about *eight feet* ahead of us! So much for living, for life, near Hackensack meadows! Returning homeward, (after an excellent dinner at the principal hotel,) we were caught by the *avant courier* of a 'big shower,' just as we were entering 'Scrallenberg Centre,' past the fine old meeting-house. Took shelter; and asked our host 'how often he got the New-York papers?' 'Every *Saturday!*' was the reply; and yet he was only a mile and a half from one of our

'Northern Rail-Road' stations, at which trains, with daily New-York papers, stop four times a day! *This, too, is 'Jarsey.'* What a 'hankering' they must have for 'the latest intelligence!' - - - HERE is an *Appeal from an Omnibus-Horse*, to which we very cheerfully give place: for we have occasion, almost every day, to pity the poor prostrate creatures, groaning and struggling on the smooth pavements of Broadway. Touching the 'counterfeit presentment' of that 'fine old gentleman' on the cover, we fear we cannot 'avail' of the compliment. That is our 'aged predecessor:'

'DEAR 'OLD KNICK': I infer from your physiognomy, as it appears on the *coverlid* of 'the Magazine,' that you are a kind-hearted, benevolent old gentleman, easily touched with a feeling for the misfortunes of your fellow-creatures, whether men or 'hosses.' I am, therefore, emboldened to ask you to print the inclosed epistle, which was found among the papers of an omnibus-horse recently deceased. Had the animal lived, the communication would undoubtedly have been forwarded 'by due course of mail;' but, unhappily, he died, and his surviving friends, being ignorant of the residence of the gentleman to whom the 'appeal' is addressed, are forced to commit it to the public prints, as the only mode of insuring its reaching its destination.

'I will briefly explain the manner in which the epistle came into my possession, that the person for whom it is intended may see the sad straits to which his neglect and hardness of heart had reduced a venerable and amiable quadruped. I was called in great haste, a few evenings since, to attend a horse which had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. I found him in a low, damp, badly-ventilated apartment—about twelve feet below the ground—on one of the avenues. In this stable, which was about twenty feet in width, by a hundred in depth, were crowded not far from sixty other horses, many of them, apparently, in scarcely better physical condition than the object of my visit. He was stretched at full length in his stall, which, by actual measurement, was precisely three and a half feet in width, by seven in length; and I saw at a glance he would never rise again. He was greatly emaciated, and his bones, in many places, protruded through the skin. He was unable to speak, and evidently in the last stages of exhaustion from hard driving and late hours. On examining his pulse I found him suffering from a high fever, induced by cerebral excitement, brought on, no doubt, by severe mental anguish. A physician in such cases can do but little, for who can 'minister to a mind diseased?' that is, when the patient happens to be a horse. I did all that could be done under the circumstances, but all my efforts were unavailing. The venerable animal soon, painfully and sorrowfully, drew his last breath. He had scarcely the strength to do it, and though he had drawn many a weary load in his time, I doubt if he ever drew one that pulled so hard as that. I learned, on inquiry, that he was a well-bred gentlemanly horse, with a taste for literature; and withal was something of a poet. Doubtless, had he lived, he might have become an ornament to society, and have achieved a name in letters. I was much pained to ascertain, subsequently, that his owner disposed of his hide to a morocco-dresser, and the balance of his carcass to the keeper of a restaurant in Broadway—so that the fate which he seems to have so much dreaded overtook him at last. *Requiescat in pace.* I little envy his faithless friend, GEORGE, either his *conscience* or his *dreams*!

'Allow me, my dear KNICK, to add, in conclusion that I shall be happy to serve

you or your friends in the way of my profession, at very moderate charges. I pride myself on my skill in the treatment of *botts, heaves, and glanders*; and am acknowledged to be DEATH ON A SPAVINED HORSE.

'Yours, to command,

'RALPH RANDOM, H.D.,

'No. 9, Fifteenth Avenue.'

'I'm trotting o'er the stones, GEORGE,
I'm trotting down Broadway;
From early dawn to candle-light,
All through the weary day.
All through the weary day, GEORGE,
With never a single stop;
A score and a half inside, GEORGE,
And many more on top.

'All through the weary day, GEORGE,
I'm driven like the wind;
As if the Devil, on the blast,
Were following close behind!
All through the weary day, GEORGE,
And all the live-long night;
In heat, and cold, and rain, GEORGE,
Till I'm a sorry sight.

'T is like his pavement, hard, GEORGE,
The heart of Mr. RUSS;
Oh! let him trot along Broadway,
A-harnessed to a 'bus.
Oh! let him feel as I have felt,
When stumbling o'er the stones;
And let him be as I have been,
Reduced to skin and bones.

'Oh! wo's me for the hour, GEORGE,
The omnibus was born;
Oh! wo's me for the day, GEORGE,
When I from home was torn.
Oh! wo's me for the pasture green,
Where I was wont to graze;
And wo's me for the destiny,
That drives me nights and days!

'I'm weary of the world, GEORGE,
And tired of all I meet;
I cannot trot, as now I trot,
O'er this infernal street!
With spavined legs and breaking heart —
What can my grief assuage?
While thus I'm hitched, in snow and rain,
To misery's latest stage!

'I see no hope at all, GEORGE,
Till you lay down the rails;
Till up and down Broadway, GEORGE,
You leave your iron trails.
Oh! 'hosses' will rejoice, GEORGE,
And go upon a bust,
When you the Legislature buy,
By planking down the dust.

'The Council-men, you know, GEORGE,
Did never touch a dime;
They rightly deem a bartered vote,
A thing of shame and crime.
Do 'nt, therefore, speak of 'rocks' to them,
For there, your only plan
Is, learn of BOOLE the golden rule,
He practised with 'JAPAN!'

'Oh! 'money makes the mare to go;'
 Thus runs the ancient saw —
 But what would money do, GEORGE,
 Without the mighty Law?
 But mighty law would powerless be,
 (It neither bribes nor steals)
 Without a little money, GEORGE,
 To grease the creaking wheels.

'Come down, then, with the dust, GEORGE,
 And coin it into rails;
 And save this dying horse, GEORGE,
 The fate he now bewails.
 Oh! save his bones from being laid,
 With many a kindred troop;
 And save his flesh from being boiled
 In macaroni soup!

'Oh! if you should be deaf, GEORGE,
 To this my last appeal;
 Remember what I say, GEORGE,
 My vengeance you shall feel.
 On land or sea, by night or day,
 Wherever you may be;
 The ghost of this 'old hoss,' GEORGE,
 Shall aye be after thee!

'He'll whittle sharp a stick, GEORGE,
 And poke you in the ribs;
 Till you lay down the rails, GEORGE,
 And fill the 'public cribs.'
 The 'public cribs' you know, GEORGE,
 Are round there in the Park;
 And open wide on Monday nights,
 A little after dark.'

THE death of so remarkable a man, and so distinguished an American artist, as the late REMBRANDT PEALE, should not remain without a permanent record in these pages. The subjoined interesting sketch we take from an extended and able obituary-notice in the Philadelphia daily 'Press:.'

'THERE is something specially mournful and saddening in the rapidity with which not only those who were active men of the period of our Revolution, but also those who, being born about the time our liberties were achieved, frequently saw, during their boyish days, the great founders of our mighty Republic, are being called to their eternal homes. One by one they are dropping into honored graves, and as they are torn from the busy scenes of life, link after link between the past and the present — between the infancy and the manhood of our country — appears to be severed, and we are called upon to mourn the departed, not only on account of their private worth or individual excellence, but because in losing them we also part, to some extent, with historical associations which are dear to the heart of every true citizen. We are reminded, too, how rapidly the ark of the Republic is drifting away from all the wise and potent personal influences which gave it shape and form, and that none of the first, and few of the second, generation of American statesmen are left to advise or direct its movements through the boisterous ocean of political excitement upon which it is now floating.

'Although REMBRANDT PEALE was not at all noted as a politician, yet by his brilliantly successful portrait of WASHINGTON, and the intense interest he displayed in

all that pertained to the great Father of his Country, he has secured to himself what will probably prove immortal fame. Singularly enough, he was born on one of the birth-days of WASHINGTON, the twenty-second of February, 1778, and he relates that when he was a school-boy he was impelled from this childish motive to seek every possible opportunity of seeking the great man who was then so universally honored in Philadelphia. He was signally fortunate, too, in obtaining opportunities to gratify this youthful predilection, for his father, CHARLES WILSON PEALE, the founder of the Philadelphia Museum, was a distinguished artist, and painted a portrait of WASHINGTON in 1786. REMBRANDT, being at that time a lad eight years of age, stationed himself behind his father's chair, and eagerly watched the illustrious subject during the sittings. Afterwards he was frequently the bearer of messages from his father, and met WASHINGTON every Sunday as he went to church. In September, 1795, when Mr. PEALE, although then but nineteen years of age, had acquired considerable proficiency as an artist, his darling object of ambition was gratified by obtaining three sittings, of three hours each, from the man he had so long idolized, and of this picture he executed ten copies. In 1830, or thirty-five years afterwards, he says: 'The image of WASHINGTON once more rose to engross his mind.' All the portraits, busts, medallions, and prints he could find, he collected together, and against the earnest remonstrances of his wife and his father, he became thoroughly absorbed in an attempt to execute a portrait of superior excellence. His arduous efforts were crowned with complete success. His father one day entered his studio, and, clapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed: 'You have it now: this is, indeed, WASHINGTON!' Its fidelity was cheerfully indorsed by a number of the distinguished friends of WASHINGTON, who were then living, including Chief-Justice MARSHALL, Judges WASHINGTON, TILGHMAN, and PETERS, and Bishop WHITE. After being exhibited in Europe, at various places, including the Royal Academy at Florence, it was purchased by a Special Committee of the United States Senate for two thousand dollars.

'Another celebrated painting of the deceased was his Court of Death. He has given an interesting description of the origin of this portrait. It was suggested by Bishop PORTEUS' Poem on Death, and his account of it concludes with a sentence particularly impressive and appropriate in view of his own recent departure for the spirit-world. Mr. PEALE says: 'The philosophic Christian must agree with the picture that *Death has no terror in the eye of virtuous old age, and of innocence, faith, and hope.*'

Death had no terror for Mr. PEALE. - - - WHEREVER shall be exhibited (and we surely hope it *may* be exhibited throughout the United States) *Brown's Great Picture of the Bay and City of New-York*, we hope no reader of ours, who has faith in our judgment of the true and the beautiful, will fail to see it. It is wonderful — a veritable transcript, in color, form, life, breadth, atmosphere, of 'NATURE her very self' We never have seen any thing like it. The extent and *density* of the Great Metropolis; the *inimitable* water, near and distant, in light and reflected shade; the islands, and the distant shores and surroundings; all are *to the life*. We await, from a most competent hand, an adequate notice of this great work of art: but we cannot resist the inclination to do it this brief justice in advance. - - - As touching '*Epitaphs*:' we have had several very amusing, and not a few exceedingly touching specimens sent

to us since our last. One which reaches us from Canandaigua, as having been copied '*verbatim et literatim, et spellatim*,' from a tomb-stone in a grave-yard near Clifton-Springs, is really unpublishable, without a wood-engraving: beside, although it is not too long, the orthographical ignorance of the sepulchral lapidary has made it much too broad, for publication in the KNICKERBOCKER. Here is one, from a friend, in flourishing town in a Pennsylvania, which shall be nameless, touching which an old and esteemed friend says: 'This a great country for epitaphs. You may remember that I once sent you one, with an illustration of a horse kicking a boy 'dead in his stomach,' which you had engraved. That was located here. I have seen the tablet; but the man who 'sculped' it has erased the inscription and illustration, after you had immortalized it in your Magazine. I inclose you a second 'specimen,' which a friend of mine found the other day in Phillipsburgh, (Penn.), the manner and 'style' of which may amuse you. It is as follows:

'IN MEMORY

of DAVID WESLEY SON of JACOB. F & MARV. D RUNK' he died Decr the 2nd in the year of our Lord A.D 1846 aged 22 years 6 mos & 20 Ds.

'PAIN was my potion,
Physic was my votion,
Drugs did me no good,
CHRIST was my Physician,
He knew what was best,
He eased me of my pain,
And took my soul to rest.'

Our Canandaigua friend, to whom we have alluded above, sends us the following, 'copied from a grave-yard near by:'

'How calm she sleeps in her lonely house,
Where the cares of life can never come!
No tear-drop dims her cloudless eye,
For the rain of passion is hushed and dry:
The war of life is over now—
No breeze unfurls thy placid brow.'

Our correspondent asks: 'Is this not touching and beautiful?' Surely: but how much *more* 'touching and beautiful' is the *original*, by CHARLES WESLEY, the source whence the thoughts are taken! Listen:

'This languishing head is at rest:
Its thinking and aching are o'er:
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more:
The heart is no longer the seat
Of sorrow, or shaken with pain:
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never will flutter again!'

'The lids he so seldom could close,
By anguish forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
*No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redder this innocent clay:*
Extinct is the animal flame,
And PASSION has vanished away!'

Can there be any doubt as to the original of the above 'modern' epitaph? We trow not. This, from the same source, and the same locality, is beautiful:

ERECTED BY CAROLINE

TO THE MEMORY OF

Margaret,

HER BELOVED SISTER: AND

DAUGHTER OF

Alex Anderson,

L A T E O F U D O L E

SCOTLAND.

Died 30 Aug. 1855,

A G E D 6 2 Y E A R S .

'ONE thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.' 'MASTER, who did sin, this woman, or her parents, that she was born blind? JESUS answered, Neither hath this woman sinned, nor her parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in her.' 'I am the light of the world.' — JOHN 9: 2, 3, 5.

Very different is the following, from a 'wooden tomb-stone,' erected within five years, not a thousand miles from Woodbury and Haddonfield, New-Jersey. The name is changed, but nothing else:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

Post Van Skipperhausen:

Aged 68 years, 13 mos. AND 42 days.

'HE WAS A GOOD EGG.'

'MACE SLOPER' says he saw this, with his own eyes: and we don't believe it sufficiently to *doubt*, for one moment, that it is entirely true. - - - Our excellent friend DEMPSTER, the charming and popular Scottish vocalist, writes us as follows, from London:

'MY DEAR CLARK: Having been here for some time, and having now an opportunity of sending a few lines through my publisher, I gladly avail myself of it, to let you know where I am, and what I am doing. In wandering about London, and enjoying the rare sights, I often think of you, and say to myself, if you were only here to see, how much you would make out of them on paper, which you know is not my province, nor have I the ability to do it. I made a visit the other day to Mrs. S. C. HALL; and as the circumstance is so fresh in my memory, as one of the most gratifying enjoyments of my whole life, I cannot help putting it in the foremost rank of novelties and pleasures of my present visit. I was introduced there to two sons of ROBERT BURNS, and his grand-daughter. I had the pleasure of talking with them and singing to them, and of telling them how often I had sung their father's songs to the people of America, and how much they loved and cherished the songs and the name of ROBERT BURNS: and while I looked upon them with an interest I never looked on human beings before, I could not help thinking of the time when these two gray-headed old men were children, and that they had been looked upon and fondled with the most intense feelings of affection by the being who has occupied

so much of my thoughts, and whose sentiments I have loved so much to sing, and enjoyed myself, and had so much pleasure in imparting the same feeling to others.

I cannot tell you with what interest I looked upon the group. The young girl, who does not seem to be more than twenty, (the child of one of these sons,) was very pleasant and conversable. I asked her if she had read the speech of our great American poet, W. C. BRYANT, on the occasion of the Centenary in New-York. She said a great many papers had been sent to them from all quarters, but she got confused among them, and could not remember that one. She spoke, however, of Mr. EMERSON's speech at Boston, and liked it very much. There was also in the same room, at the same time, a daughter of Tom Hood, the poet and humorist, and I had great pleasure in saying to her that I had composed music to one of her father's songs, which you may remember: '*What can an Old Man do but Die?*' She expressed a great desire to see it: unfortunately I have not a copy by me: but I hope to send her one.

There was also in the same room, at the same time, Rev. Mr. OWEN, husband of the late Miss BROWN, sister to Mrs. HEMANS, who composed music to her sister's songs. He seemed a funny fellow, and said he had just composed music to TENNYSON's song on the idyll, '*Sea-Dream*'—'*What does Little Birdie Say?*' and he sang it in his own way. I said it was a strange coincidence, but I had composed music to the same words. They all insisted upon my singing my version, which I had great pleasure in doing for the whole company, and which I hope to sing for you, my dear CLARK, at some future day. This was a pleasure not to be forgotten, and I am sure you will think I was a very happy man for the moment. I must not omit telling you that Mrs. HALL has been a very good and kind friend to me, and has taken more than a common interest in my music. I am going to take tea with MARY HOWITT, and her delightful family on Monday next. She is also very kind, and compliments me on my music, which she says '*goes to the heart as none other does.*' Excuse me for quoting.

I have also been on a visit to Mr. TENNYSON, at his beautiful residence on the Isle of Wight, and sang to him all his new songs, which I have recently set to music, including the songs in '*The Princess*' and the '*Idylls of the King.*' Among them all, Mr. TENNYSON liked the '*Little Birdie*' the best; but I think the best thing I ever have done is the '*Song of Love and Death.*'

London is very full and gay at present, and on a pleasant afternoon there is no end to the carriages and splendid equipages in Hyde-Park. I witnessed the grand review in the Park on Saturday, a week ago. There seems to be a great striving to make an appearance, but it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. My dear CLARK, when I look upon it all, my heart warms to the United States, where there is more appreciation of human nature, and less looking down with contempt from a high eminence on our fellow-mortals.

A sweet aroma arose from Mr. DEMPSTER's letter, as we opened it, which was soon explained: he had inclosed to us a profusion of the leaves of an English moss-rose—a pleasant remembrancer. We hope to take Mr. DEMPSTER's hand 'on this side' before many days. - - - We had a *Gold Watch Presentation* up in our 'section' the other day, which was a very imposing affair. Mr. JAMES GILMORE POWERS, who for some eleven years had officiated as foreman of this branch of Mr. GRAY's vast establishment, being about to go into business on his

own account, the compositors resolved to present him with a testimonial of their appreciation of his uniform rectitude and personal kindness toward them. With the coöperation of Mr. GRAY, who with his accustomed liberality, gave 'the Lion's share,' they procured a superb, richly-chased GOLD WATCH, of the most tasteful pattern, upon which was inscribed the following :

PRESENTED
TO
James Gilmore Powers,
BY HIS
FELLOW-CRAFTSMEN AND FRIENDS,
AS A
SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR REGARD,
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RETIRING FROM
THE FOREMANSHIP
OF JOHN A. GRAY'S PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
SEPTEMBER, 1890.

The presentation was made, at the request of the recipient's fellow-craftsmen, by Mr. L. GAYLORD CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER, who in conveying the sentiments of warm regard and cordial esteem which the donors entertained for the FRIEND with whom they had so long been associated, could not refrain from gratefully dwelling for a moment also upon his own obligations to the recipient, who had so frequently 'seconded' his whims and fancies. Mr. POWERS replied briefly, modestly, and appropriately, but with deep feeling; having been taken entirely by surprise at the sudden 'call of the house.' It was a pleasant and a rememberable season to all of us. - - - The other evening—a mild October evening—at a meeting in a country school-house in New-Jersey, commencing at 'early candle-lighting,' we heard these once-familiar but long-forgotten lines heart-felt-ly sung (if we may coin so uncouth a word) by voices somewhat tremulous and uncultivated, but still musical with the 'notes of days gone by:'

'Lord! what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

'But oh! their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

'Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Like dreams as fleeting and as vain:
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their pain.'

The tune was old '*Greenwich*,' we find: and the words and execution awakened in our mind so many reminiscences of boyhood, so true and so distinct, that we *must* refer to them again. - - - Now the following is a positive fact: and we commend it to the consideration of our friend Dr. HOLMES, who thinks the pronunciation of educated gentlemen in New-York 'very peculiar: ' 'What

makes you say 'TAH-E-UB?' asked a little boy, three years old, of a distinguished philosophical and benevolent Bostonian, who was staying at his grand-father's house: 'Why don't you say TU-B-B? Can't you say TU-B-B? Try it—TU-B-B!' Even our little children notice these things, Mr. 'Professor at the Breakfast Table,' in the pronunciation of your literary *savans*, when in summer they fly off at a tangent from the 'HUB' (or 'HAH-E-AUB') of the universe. - - - The following lines, written by the late Prof. J. A. ALEXANDER, and published in the '*Princeton Magazine*,' forcibly illustrate the power of simple language:

'THINK not that strength lies in a big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want or wo or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but the sport of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine —
Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!

'Nor is it in mere strength the short word boasts;
It serves of more than fights or storms to tell;
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far-off on their sick-bed lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead,
For them that laugh and dance, and clap the hand
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet plain words we learned at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.'

Take your pen, reader, and try to imitate this: '*then* see how you 'll come out.' 'T will be a good exercitation. - - - The following is authentic, and an act of simple justice: 'The KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE treats its readers to a capital 'Ode to LAMB,' and yearns to know its proper paternity. The poem was written by JOSEPH BARBER for, and originally published in, the *Sunday Times*, whence it was copied, as usual, by a variety of journals that have taste enough to pilfer a good thing, but lack generosity enough even to compliment its source when they abstract it.' - - - We are authorized to announce, and we gladly do so, that the services of Mr. NOBLE BUTLER, of Louisville, Kentucky, as a public lecturer, may be engaged by lecture-committees, during the coming lecture-season. Mr. BUTLER is too well known to our readers, as a writer and a scholar, to need our praise: still we cannot omit to add, that he will not fail to *more* than 'satisfy' any audience before whom he may appear. Try him on '*Trial by Jury*,' for example. A friend writes us that he has 'exceeded himself' on this theme; having treated it satirically, argumentatively, historically, and 'humorically.' - - - SMALL doubt should there have been in the writer's mind, that the following exquisitely-feeling lines could have been *otherwise* than 'acceptable' to the Editor. She will see our instant appreciation

of them : and such, there can be no question, will be the case with every parent who shall peruse them :

Arranging the Dead.

'Touch her with gentle fingers, friends :
'T is hard to know her sleeping breathless there —
Oh ! would we did not need to ask your care —
But sudden grief all power to act suspends.

'Of all our little household band
She was the fairest — our sweet blushing rose,
Just blossoming to womanhood ; life's woes
Had sprent no thorns to mar the petals bland.

'Compose her limbs to that sweet grace
And modest dignity that was her own ;
While they are supple : now that she is gone,
Of her late suffering conceal all trace.

'Nay, close her eyes more firmly, so
The silken fringes of the lids may shade
The sightless pupils. Ye will not upbraid
This fond exacting pride, born of such wo !

'We could look on her till our eyes
Were blind from gazing, and we should not tire ;
This sudden grief has set our hearts on fire,
Like JEPHTHA, our sweet girl we sacrifice.

'Her features are relaxing — see !
The lips are wreathing with the olden smile,
That spake her innocent of thought of guile :
O darling ! it is hard to part with thee !

'Ay, robe her in the snowy dress —
She wore it when the summer buds were blown —
The bright, fair summer and our Rose are flown :
Like thee, October, fallen leaves we press.

'Our pure white Lily, waxen cold !
Can it be wrong to grieve about thee so ?
Here, take this ribbon like the virgin snow,
And her wan hands o'er her still breast enfold.


'So ye have done, kind friends ? Depart
And leave us to the sanctity of grief :
Alone with our sweet dead and God, relief
Must come in some blest form to each torn heart.

'May such dire wo ne'er visit you :
Thanks that no careless stranger hands arrayed
Thee, love. O God ! our cup is bitter made !
Dear friends, ye have done what ye could : adieu !'

Dover, (N. H.), Oct. 10, 1860.

ANNIE M. DUGANNE.

Pure tears from a stricken heart ! - - - If we were living at any distance in the country, and were desirous of having a weekly metropolitan journal which should give us all that it was desirable to know, in relation to literature, art, and politics ; if we desired a full and faithful record of current events, opinions, and observations ; we should subscribe to the New-York '*Century*' weekly journal. It is edited with great industry, and consummate ability. We are glad to hear of its entire success. - - - The number for the present month of the '*Editorial Historical Narrative of the Knickerbocker Magazine*' is re-

served for our next, by reason of a press of other *matériel*, which could not well be postponed. Each being independent in itself, these numbers can occasionally be intermitted without infracting a continuity of interest. The 'Narrative' will be resumed in our next. - - - WITH the January number the KNICKERBOCKER will be enlarged, so as to give our readers fully one-third more reading-matter than at present. Mr. RICHARD B. KIMBALL will contribute, to run through the year, a thrilling Novel of New-York life, entitled, '*Revelations of Wall-street*'; Miss H. E. PRESCOTT will furnish a Romance; and each Number will contain an interesting tale by JOHN T. IRVING, Esq., author of '*Quod Correspondence*,' '*The Attorney*,' etc. In addition to which we shall have contributions from many of the most eminent writers in the country, whose names will be duly announced in our December number.  Now is the time to subscribe. - - - We purpose to give a fair and prolonged trial to *Butler, Hosford and Company's Self-Generating Hand Gas-Light Burners*. Croakers, who have used other kinds, advise us of an early throwing aside of the article: still the gas-flame burns on, clear and unobstructed; and 'while the lamp holds out to burn' in this manner, it shall have our 'good word:' when it do n't, it sha n't. Store, Number 30 Broadway. - - - THE following refers to a new series of 'Readers' by Mr. WILSON, which the Brothers' HARPER are giving to the public: certainly the best, most interesting, and beautifully-illustrated series, in its kind, which we have ever encountered:

'As education is progressive, so the means by which knowledge is acquired should also by successive steps lead to the end to be attained. This series of school-books, five out of the seven only of which have been published, seems designed by Mr. WILSON, precisely to meet this end. The Primer, beginning with the Alphabet, is divided into four parts, and extends to words of four letters. This pretty little volume, containing the first elements of education, is ornamented with over a hundred beautiful engravings.

'The First Reader of the seven begins with words of four letters, and extends to easy ones of three syllables. In this volume the conversational style is adopted, and the inflections of voice needed to prevent the monotonous tones of school-children, are introduced. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful. The Second Reader is designed to aid the teacher as much as the pupil, in the higher modulations of the voice, and the use of the right accent while reading, so important to acquire early in life, rather than leave it for mature years. Very superior engravings are introduced to illustrate the reading lessons and give both interest and instruction to the pupils. It is thus through the eye, as well as perceptive faculties, that instruction is conveyed.

'The Third and Fourth Readers have advanced the pupil to full reading-lessons, and here are delightful sketches of Scripture history, Zoology, Botany and animal life, both in a state of nature and under the influence of civilization. These lessons are full of freshness, and made attractive by numerous spirited and large engravings, showing almost every variety of beast and bird and fish, done up in the very best artistic manner. The human frame and its preservation, the rules of health, coupled with lessons in botany and natural philosophy, are all brought in to give interest to the lessons in reading, enlarging the mind and cultivating the heart of the pupil at the same time. The wonderful variety, the large amount of practicable instruction conveyed, and the useful knowledge embodied in these volumes, surpass all others we have seen, while the beautiful engravings and admirable typography are not equalled by any similar publication.

New Music: New Publications.

J. H. HIDLEY, 519 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., has issued, '*Softly now the Light of Day*,' for alto and soprano solo, duet, and chorus, composed by T. S. LLOYD; an easy and effective piece. '*Be kind to each other*,' song, by CHARLES SWAIN. '*Carol Polka*, by V. L. REMINGTON. '*Bergeronette Galop*,' by CHARLES FRADEL. '*Excelsior Schottisch*, by V. L. REMINGTON. '*Like the Streaks of Eastern Skies*,' song, by E. C. SEBASTIAN; a showy tenor song. '*Grand Valse sur le Pardon de Ploermel*,' by CHARLES FRADEL; requires some study. '*Morning Hymn*,' sung at Grace Church, organ part arranged by G. W. MORGAN; a fine quartette, not difficult. '*Grand Te Deum*,' in E, composed by H. V. BARNEKOV.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Little Puss Polka*,' by FRANCIS H. BROWN. '*Gentle Troubadour*,' Morceau de Salon, on theme from WALLACE's Opera, '*Lurline*,' by RENE FAVARGER, suitable for advanced players. '*La Bavarde*,' an easy four-hand piece, by CHARLES FRADEL. '*La Luvisella*,' a favorite Neapolitan melody, arranged by W. V. WALLACE. '*Meditation*,' piano duet, by CHARLES FRADEL. '*Idle Sympathique*,' Valse de Salon, par CHARLES FRADEL. '*The Merry Breeze*,' ballad, by W. V. WALLACE, a pleasant song for soprano or tenor voice. '*Through the Prairies*,' grand march for piano, by HENRY C. BECHT; very elaborate. '*Beethoven's Ruins of Athens*,' No. 1, Fantasie; No. 2, Chorus of Dervishes. Transcribed for piano, by W. V. WALLACE. These are both effective pieces, requiring careful study. '*Adeline Polka*,' by EDWIN H. PROUT. '*One by One*,' song, by L. C. WELD. The words deserve better music. '*Grande Polonaise*,' pour le piano, by CHARLES FRADEL. '*Phenie Polka Galop*,' for the piano-forte, composed by CHARLES FRADEL; not difficult.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued, '*Trotty Horse Polka*,' by J. H. MCNAUGHTON. We have heard this highly praised: it has a fine vignette. '*Were I a Soldier*,' song, by G. STIGELLI; an expressive tenor song. '*The Gipsy's Prediction*,' written and composed by ADELAIDE GANNON. '*Up the Hudson*,' song, words by GEORGE P. MORRIS; music by J. TRIGG. '*Careless Elegance*,' polka caracteristique, by ALBERT H. WOOD. The player will achieve 'careless elegance' only by study, it is in a very unusual key, and not specially easy otherwise. '*Les Crinolines*,' valse par CAMILLE SCHUBERT. '*L'Hirondelle*,' galop brilliant, par CHARLES MAYER. '*Slumber Polka*,' by ERNST BEYER. Wrongly named, being in no degree narcotic. '*The Sharon Lancers*,' composed by CHRISTIAN BERGE. '*Le Passage du Regiment*,' episode pour piano, par A. CROISEZ. '*Sweet Love, good night to thee*,' by J. L. HATTON; a pleasant tenor song.

THE KANGAROO HUNTERS: OR ADVENTURES IN THE BUSH. By ANNE BOWMAN. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE AND COMPANY.—A ROBINSON CRUSOE-ish story of the most enticing description. Australia, with its strange climate, extraordinary animals, and wonderful natural productions, has not been much discoursed of by story-writers, and the authoress has well worked the new field, producing a book that cannot fail to be popular among the young folks generally. It is a handsome 12mo of 460 pages, and has well-executed illustrations.

A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF MATTER, AND THEIR RELATION TO EACH OTHER. By MICHAEL FARADAY, F.R.S., etc. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.—These lectures treat in remarkably clear and simple style, of gravitation, cohesion, chemical affinity, heat, magnetism, electricity, light-house illumination, and the electric light. Originally delivered to a juvenile auditory, the lectures have been written as they were spoken, and are from their off-hand, conversational style, pleasant as well as instructive reading.